

~ Striker ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: You guys know the drill, the characters may look and act like the ones we all know and drool over. Except that these ones are all a figment of my filthy mind. For the other stuff; violence, same sex relationship, foul language and anything that you might see in a Xena Episode is all here. So if you're not old enough or it's illegal where you live. Go away or move! Thanks to Lesia and Ri for putting up with the torture of reading the unfinished stuff.

Striker
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Four sets of blood shot eyes watched as a puky green bowling ball thumped its way down the glimmering alley. It turned at the last second from where it had been hanging on the far left hand boards near the gutter, to cut across and nail the head pin with a soft thunk. The head pin wobbled on its base and fell forward leaving the other pins sitting still with the ball leaning up against them. A loud applause went up startling the other bowlers as a small blond turned from the foul line to do a clumsy courtesy. Staggering towards her relatives, she gave them a brilliant smile.

"Beat that ya scumbags!" She tripped over the edge of the step down and fell in to the nearest seat.

Caramel colored eyes tried to focus on the pins left standing. "Your fugly damn balls still down there." The small stocky brunette slurred as she pushed the blond over in her seat. "I hopes I break it so yous havfta get a new one."

"I'll breaks your balls ya steroid pushing dyke." The small blond said from where she was lying on her back. "She tried looking up and groaned when the ceiling started spinning. "Hey stops that!" She slapped her hands over her eyes. "Hey...what's your name makes it stop spinning."

"You are so wasted!" One of the other women said as she slammed what was in her beer mug, and then belched loudly. She tossed her long blond curls over her shoulders and grinned.

"And you're a fucking pig! I cants believe I'm married to you." Caramel eyes sparkled as they tried to lock on to hazel. "My sis is wasted cuz of you, so there!"

"Come on Carly, Striker's a puny little shit and it only takes three beers and she's toast" She stood up to her full height of five foot seven and towered over her wife by half an inch. "And if I remember correctly, you bought her the pitcher." Her hazel eyes drilled downward.

"Come on Deany, sweetness, cuddle bunny, master...uuhhmm." Carly stammered trying to escape the blame.

An exasperated flaming red head yelled from where she was keeping score. "Will you two dip-shits knock it off and throw the damn ball!"

Three voices rang out. "SHUDDUP RED!"

Rita covered her ears and shook her head at her friends. "Assholes."

Carly grabbed her yellow dot bowling ball, standing two boards off center to the right she brought the ball up to her chest. Taking three long strides, she lofted the ball halfway down the alley and watched as it thumped its way down towards her sister's ball. It hit at the very edge of it sending it off in to the gutter, and then continued to pick up the spare

"Waaaaa whoooo! Someone's gonna pay"

Rita groaned at her. "OK, so what's it gonna be Carly? Drink or dare and who gets to suffer?" Three sets of eyes went to Striker, who looked with blurry eyes back at them.

"Oohh pleeeeeease, not me again!" She begged as she tried to sit up in her seat.

"Listen birthday girl." Rita drawled. "You know this is how we initiate the minors in to the big leagues." She tipped off her fingers. "Who ever gets a strike or spare gets to pick. And so far you've done zip."

"But...I'm drunked already." She whined pitifully.

"I'll be easy on ya sis, sooo...my dare is for yous ta put a lip lock on the nextz person to walks by." Carly beamed at her cleverness.

"AAhhhh...ain't fair. Mys lucks it'll be that scrawny Billy." Striker struggled to her feet; she looked around and grinned when no one was in sight. A snort came from her as she raised her hands in the air and shrugged. "No persons around Carly, where's my beer?" She staggered in place.

"Ya ain't getting off that easy ya little shit." Deany growled as she looked around for the closet person. "Perfect!" She said as she grabbed Striker's hand and led her away with Rita and Carly following. They stopped at the desk where a small group of people were waiting for their shoes.

"There ya go little shit, take your pick." Deany said as she pushed her forward towards the back of a very tall person. Striker turned with narrowed eyes and gave them an evil glare. "Ain't fair!" She whispered.

"Either do it or ya gotta wear that fugly pink tutu at the tournament Saturday." Rita replied with a wicked smirk.

Striker growled; turning back to the people, she tapped the tall person on their shoulder. As soon as they turned around, she reached up with one hand and pulled the dark head down to her lips. With the first touch of their lips, electricity bounced between them, Striker wrapped both of her arms around the stranger's neck and pulled her body closer. She moaned at the feel of the soft lips beneath hers and the silky hair tangled in her fingers. Tilting her head a bit to the side, she opened her mouth and licked at the closed lips until they parted, slowly she slipped her tongue inside and deepened the kiss. Large hands came down her back and gripped her waist, pulling her even closer. Long moments passed as they kissed deeply until the need for air broke them apart. Striker stumbled backward when she released the taller person's neck, but her hands remained on a heaving chest. Looking up she gasped and her mouth fell open at the site of crystal blue eyes surrounded by black lashes.

"Ooohhh Gods...have...mercy!" Striker mumbled. Her heart skipped numerous beats when perfect white teeth showed with a beautiful smile.

Behind her stood three women that had the same expressions. Carly was the first to react when she saw her sister start to sway backwards. She took one-step forward and was struck dumb with the deep purring voice coming from the tall stranger.

"Is this how all the new employees are greeted?"

Striker fell backward to land in the arms of her sister, who stumbled in to the others knocking them all down like pins. Crystal blues eyes twinkled with humor as the four women lay on the floor looking up at her. What seized her beating heart were the emerald green eyes of the little kissing bandit. Taking a deep breath, she turned from them and walked towards the back of the bowling alley to where the office was located.

With the help of the other's Carly carried her sister to their alley, they dropped her down on the bench and took the other open seats. They looked to see that Striker still had her mouth hanging open and was drooling down the side of her face. Her eyes had a blank stare to them and no answer came from her when Carly yelled at her. She tossed her towel over her sister's face and moaned when she thought of what had just happened.

"Deany, I think we're in deep shit here!" Her wide eyes looked to her wife. "Pops gonna be really pissed when he hears about this."

Deany wrapped her arms around her wife and kissed the side of her neck. "It'll be OK, if he asks we'll tell him it was Rita's idea." She shot a grin at her.

"Juveniles! How come I always get blamed for everything?" Her light green eyes questioned them. "Pops gonna kill all of us!" A crooked grin washed over her face. "But if I'm gonna die; I want my last wish to be a lip lock with tall dark and extremely hot!"

The three of them were all laughing when Carly and Striker's father walked by with the tall stranger in tow. Laughing was replaced with the deep moans and groans. The moans coming from the three troublemakers and the groan from a very sick Striker as she took off stumbling towards the bathroom. She bounced off the edge of the table, her father and right into the very long legs of the stranger where she lost the contents of her stomach.

Carly groaned loudly then took off at a sprint to the farthest corner of the bowling alley to escape her father's wrath. Deany and Rita sunk down into their seats and prayed that they could evaporate in to thin air before they were seen.

Striker had her one arm wrapped around a muscular thigh as she wiped her mouth with the other. Her groan died in her throat at the sound of her father's voice.

"Striker! What in the name of Gods is wrong with you?" He gave the tall woman beside him an apologetic look. "I'm sorry Chase; my girls are a bit rowdy." He cuffed his drunken daughter on the back of her head. "As soon as I kick their asses I'll have them find you a pair of shoes." He grabbed Striker by the back of her collar and spoke in to her ear. "And you will clean this mess up before you have the whole place tossing their cookies." His green eyes searched the bowling alley and found two of his three miscreants. He pointed a finger at them and watched them run towards the back corner where his eldest was hiding in the janitor's room.

"I'm truly sorry about this, let me get Striker to the bathroom and I'll be right back with you."

"Let me take her Sir, I need to clean up a bit myself." Her smile put the older man at ease. She straightened when she heard Striker start to groan and take in deep breathes. Taking her by her shoulder's she rushed her in to the nearest bathroom and to a stall. She watched her drop to her knees and wretch. The reek of beer assaulted her nose and made her own stomach queasy. Moving over to the sink area, she unzipped the lower part of legs on her cargo pants, removed her tennis shoes and socks, dropped them in to the sink and ran cold water over them. Taking a handful of paper towels, she wet them and went to where Striker was still kneeling in front of the toilet. She placed some of the cold towels on the back of her neck and wiped her mouth with the others. She watched as cold chills traveled through the small blond's body.

"I think you need to lay off the beer." She brushed sweaty blonde hair back from Striker's forehead and smiled when the small blond leaned her face in to her hand.

Striker mumbled. "Wanna die, kissed gorgeous woman, threw up on her, Pops mad." She tilted her head back and looked up into smiling blue eyes. "Ohh shit...I'm dead." She dropped her head down and bounced her forehead of the hard wooden toilet seat. "Ooowww."

Chase looked over the stall when she heard the door squeak open and three sets of eyes peek in.

"Is she in there?" Carly whispered to Deany.

"You chicken shit dykes, get outta my way." Rita growled as she pushed past them. She came to a halt when she found Striker leaning back against the very long muscular legs of Chase.

Lowering her voice to a deep purr Rita spoke as she leaned seductively up against the stall. "She's such an uncouth little monster. Can I help you with something...anything?" Her light green eyes took in the tall woman before her. "Full body massage maybe?"

Chase gave out a deep laugh and smiled down at the overly flirtatious redhead. "Nope, I'm good but...Striker is it? Needs to get home and to bed."

"So do I, wanna...hmmff?" Rita mumbled from behind the thick hand covering her mouth.

"Uuhhmm hi...we'll take care of my rotten little sister." Carly said as she struggled with Rita.

"Yeah, we got a pair of shoes for you up at the desk." Deany mumbled. "We're really sorry about this...it was a..."

"Initiation rite?" Chase finished for her. "At least you didn't paint her silver and make her stand naked in the display window of the Pro shop." She cringed when three sets of eyes lit up. "Forget I said that." She scoped Striker up in to her arms and stepped from the stall. "Where's your car?"

"Out back, we can take her." Carly said as she put her arms out.

"It's OK, she's all ready thrown up on me and she may do it again."

Carly's face paled as she looked down at her sister who was now snuggling into Chase's body.

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Chase carried her outside and laid her in the backseat of the old Nova. She had to pry the small hand from her T-shirt and grinned when the other tried to gain purchase. "It's OK tiny. Go to sleep." She gazed down with an endearing expression on her face; her warm blue eyes took in the angelic face of the small blond. Backing from the car, she saw the shocked looks on Carly and Deany's faces. "Have fun with her." She purred.

"I would love to have some fun with...hmmff." Rita mumbled again from behind Carly's hand.

"Don't mind her, she's a dog. Thanks for helping and I'm truly sorry about all of this. I'm Carly by the way and this is Deany and Rita." She said as she shook hands with Chase.

"I'm Chase McGuire, nice to meet all of you."

"OK, let's get little shit home." Deany ordered as she dropped a hand on her wives shoulder. Looking up in to blue eyes, she smiled. "Striker's gonna be ten shades of red when she realizes what an ass she was today. See ya around."

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Chase watched as the beat up car pulled from the lot, shaking her head at what all had happened

in just a short time period, she mumbled to herself. "Be still my pounding heart, before it falls out and I step on you." She made her way to her truck, pulled open the door, and grabbed her beat up tennis shoes.

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Carl Denkin was at the front desk when Chase walked back in to the bowling alley. She grinned at the saddened look on his face.

"It's OK Carl, I'm a college student remember."

"I understand; it's just that the four of them can be so trying at times. Let's go to the snack bar and I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

They sat across from each other at the small table; Carl rubbed his hands down his face and gave Chase a small smile when he saw her twinkling blue eyes.

"That didn't faze you at all did it?" He asked before he took a sip of his coffee.

"Nah, I've always been the one to carry intoxicated friends home. But I've never been kissed by a strange woman before without even saying hello."

His startled green eyes drilled in to her. "What did Striker do?" He sighed and dropped his head in to his hands. "Never mind, I know what they were doing." He raised tired eyes up to her. "Striker's Birthday is today, she just turned 21. They were initiating her by playing one of their stupid games. I'm sorry if she offended you in any way."

"Don't worry about it." She became pensive, trying to think of a way to say what she wanted and not lose her job. "I'm going to be honest with you and I hope this doesn't change my employment." She calmed herself with a deep breath. "I'm gay..." She froze in mid sentence when Carl burst out laughing. "What?"

"Chase if you didn't notice, my eldest daughter Carly, the stocky brunette, is not the most feminine woman walking this planet. She and Deany are married, so no. You being gay doesn't change anything." He slapped Chase in the shoulder. "Welcome to the family of Amazon miscreants."

"Which ones are the miscreants?" She asked with a relieved grin.

"All four of them! I blame Carly and Striker's behavior on myself." He had a saddened look on his face, as he seemed to drift off into space when he spoke. "We lost their mother when Striker was born; she had some complications during delivery. I was on a bowling tour and they were with me, I had just rolled a 300 game when my wife Brenda went into labor. We rushed her to the hospital but lost her when she went in to cardiac arrest." Tears filled his green eyes. "I quit touring and bought this place, I raised those two by myself." A smile came to his face when he thought of the past years. "I had a three year old and a baby, try running a business with one

hanging on to your leg and the other strapped to your back drooling down your neck." He laughed deeply and shook his head. "I would do it all over again, I'm very proud of my daughters."

Chase smiled at the proud father; she could see that he was a loving man. She could also see the strong resemblance between him and his youngest daughter Striker.

"Where did you come up with the name Striker? That is if you don't mind me asking."

"Ohh her mother came up with that name, she was kind of a Hippy." He smiled. "Carly is named after Carly Simon and I fought tooth and nail for our next child not to be named after another singer. One day when I was practicing, Brenda let out a groan. Of course, I panicked; she was only two weeks from her delivery date." He took a sip of his coffee and chuckled at the intense look on Chases face. "Anyway, Brenda said that every time I threw a strike the baby kicked her. So that's where Striker came from, I have to admit its a little weird but it's better than Zappa."

"Or Dweezle or Moon Unit for that fact." Chase added.

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The second Carly pulled in to the drive of their ranch house, they saw Striker's boyfriend Mark get out of his low slung Porsche. Carly hated the stuck up man and wished that her little sister would date a pit bull instead. At least everyone knew the dog might rip an arm off or bite the hell out of you. Mark had shifty eyes and no matter what, Carly just could not stand to be near him. They all got out of the Nova and pulled Striker from the back seat; Carly lifted her up in to her arms and brushed past the tall blonde haired man.

"Go the fuck away dick head." She growled at him.

"What's wrong with Striker?" He held out his arms to take her but instead jumped back when Carly's knee came up towards his groin.

"Bubonic plague, now go away!"

Rita came nose to nose with Mark, her evil grin sent shivers down his spine. "You better hope she doesn't have anything more disastrous than the plague. 'Cuz, if she does I'm gonna use my toenail clippers and snip your tiny dick off!" She jabbed him in the chest with an index finger. "Now get away from us before I change my mind!"

"Fucking dykes!" He yelled as she walked back to his car.

"I'll remember that the next time your name comes up while in the company of drag queens!" Rita laughed at the paleness that washed over his face. "Gotcha mother fucker!" She said to herself as she followed her cousins.

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Striker groaned and grabbed her throbbing head between shaking hands. Her mouth felt like the floor of a peep show and her stomach like it had been turned inside out and left out in the sun. Rolling on to the floor of her bedroom, she crawled to the small adjoining bathroom and crawled into the tub. Turning the water on, she covered her ears from the sound of Niagara Falls beating in the bathtub. She lay back and let the tub fill with water. Minutes later, she heard her name being yelled and then caramel colored eyes looking down at her.

"What in the hell are you doing?" Carly asked her with a stupid grin on her face.

"Taking a bath, do you mind? I hate people seeing me naked." She covered her chest with her hands.

"Little shit, for your information." She grabbed a sock covered foot. "You're still dressed!"

"Ohh, so I hate people seeing me in wet clothes."

Carly sat down on the edge of the tub and snickered. "You truly amaze me at times. I potty trained you, changed you diapers and clothes, wiped your nose when you were sick and you get all uncomfortable if I see you half dressed. What's the problem?"

Striker's face turned a deep red; she gazed off to the side of her sister's shoulder and looked at the wall. "It's just that I feel so...unattractive around others."

"For the love of Gods Striker! There is nothing wrong with you." Carly narrowed her eyes. "Wait a minute here, this isn't about us. It's about what that dickheaded boyfriend of yours says ain't it?" She knew her answer the second Striker dropped her eyes. "Get rid of that asshole! We've all told you that he's just using you for his own reasons."

"But Carly, he says he loves me. He has never forced me in to doing anything that I didn't want to do..."

Carly covered her eyes and groaned. "Striker, just because he says he's not forcing you into having sex with him doesn't mean that he's not! Men will say just about anything to get in your pants, including that they love you." She reached down and pulled her sister from the bathtub, after pulling her T-shirt over her head she handed her a towel. "What exactly does he say to you when you're you know...naked?"

Striker's face turned a deeper shade of red. "He's never seen me naked."

Carly's eyes grew large at the news. "Then how the hell do you two...never mind I know." She turned Striker to face her. "Dump him sis, he's no good, and none of us trust him. If he won't even make love to you with your clothes off then there's something wrong with him."

"I can't believe that I'm having this conversation with you." Striker said as she toweled her hair. "It's not like I don't know about you and Deany having sex, who in the next three counties

doesn't for that fact." She looked over her shoulder to see Carly's grin and her polishing her nails on the front of her shirt. "It's just that I remember some things from last night and I'm scared."

Tear filled green eyes looked into the mirror and locked with her sisters.

"Sis, we wouldn't have let him touch you last night. Rita sent him running with the threat of losing his tiny dick."

"It wasn't him..."

Carly's jaw dropped open and came close to hitting the floor. "No?"

"No. I don't know who it was but I had this feeling of contentment. I didn't feel the same as I do with him like I do with Mark."

Carly covered her mouth so that Striker wouldn't see her smirk.

"And the kiss!" She swooned towards her sister's body. "I swear that I was being electrocuted!"

"OK, so you're telling me that you don't remember this man at all. Why is that?" She was genuinely curious.

"I had my eyes closed and then everything was so blurry that I couldn't make anything out, except for blue eyes. Gorgeous crystal blue eyes that just kinda held me in place."

"Not even about Pop's getting mad or you throwing up on the poor guys shoes?"

Striker's eyes grew large, her face flushed at the thought. "Tell me I didn't throw-up on him."

"You sure did little shit." Deany said from the doorway. She was about to say more but saw the look her wife gave her. "Come on breakfast is ready." She snickered at the moan that came from Striker's lips .

Carly pulled Deany into their bedroom and told her all of what Striker had told her. She couldn't help but laugh at the expression on Deany's face.

"You're kidding right?"

"Nope, this is gonna be fun. Where's Rita?"

"She left for work early, something about having to do reorders or something like that. Why?"

"Cuz, we're going to see Pop this morning and don't need Rita drooling all over Chase."

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The three of them walked in to the foyer of the bowling alley at noon, the sound of the lanes was more than Striker could handle. She covered her ears and groaned. Looking over the tops of her dark sunglasses, she groaned even louder when she saw her father giving them the come-hither motion with his index finger. "We're all dead!" She mumbled to no one.

"All right you rotten brats, Carly, Deany in the back. Striker, snack bar with Billy." Carl sighed at the look on his youngest daughter's face, he knew she was hurting but it would do her good to suffer with the smell of French fry grease all day.

She cringed when she saw Billy with a huge smile on his face, granted he was a nice kid but he was only 17 and had the biggest ears she had ever seen outside of the comic strip. Not to mention he had huge buckteeth and he whistled with every word.

"Hi Billy, we busy today?" Shivers ran down her back when he spoke, he reminded her of the gopher from Winnie the Pooh.

"Nope, not yet Striker. How ya feeling today?"

She pulled her glasses from her eyes and grimaced. "Like a truck hit me." Just as she was about to go in the back her father came up and told her to take three cokes to the back for the others. Grudgingly she grabbed a tray and loaded it down with extra large cokes and went towards the door beside the last lane. Using her hip she knocked the door open and went in, stepping around the ball return machines and the extra parts she looked for her sister and sister-in-law.

"Carly where the hell are you?" She yelled above the noise around her.

"Over here, I'm stuck give me a hand." Striker looked to see her sister's worn work boots hanging down from one of the ventilation holes.

"What the hell are you doing up there and where's Deany?"

"Up here with her. Get her unstuck so I can get out of here, I'm getting claustrophobic!"

Striker put the stepladder under her sister's feet and pulled on her ankles until she had her feet steadied.

"OK, now get your ass down here. I brought you guys some cokes."

Striker looked around but couldn't figure out why she had brought back three cokes when only Carly and Deany were in the back. Her head spun around when she heard a deep voice echo from inside one of the pin setting machines.

"Carly who's that?" She pointed to the machine.

Carly wiped the dust from her hands and grinned.

"The new mechanic, Pop's needed some more help since we're all in class during the early mornings."

"Ohh, well here's your coke and you better help Deany down before she falls on your head." Carly looked up to see her wives feet hanging down searching for the ladder.

She walked over and looked up to see a pair of worn out tennis shoes hanging down from the machine.

"I brought you a coke." She squinted up tryin to see the mechanics face but saw only darkness.

"Kay." The deep voice replied and then a string of curses echoed from up inside. Striker smiled and jumped back when a ratchet fell to the floor.

"That was close, you OK up there?" She watched as very long legs came into view, then a wide back, and thick shoulders dropped in front of her. Carly and Deany were standing back watching and waiting to see what would happen.

Chase pulled the greasy ball cap from her head and shook her head to let her long dark hair fall down her back. She turned around wiping her face with a rag, when she dropped it she reached for the coke that was being held in a small hand.

"Thanks." She replied without looking up. The second their fingers touched, she felt a tingle rush through her fingers and raised her eyes to see emerald green staring back at her.

Striker gasped at the touch, she was frozen in place as crystal blue eyes held her own. She knew those eyes and the feeling that rushed through her body. She turned her head to see her sister and Deany smiling at her.

"Striker, that's Chase our mechanic and your mystery man from last night."

Chase couldn't help but chuckle, she had never been mistaken for a man before but for some reason it didn't bother her.

"Oohh my Gods!" Striker grabbed her chest and stumbled. "I'm so sorry about last night, I didn't...I was..."

"The kissing bandit?" Blue eyes twinkled down at her. "Don't be sorry, I wasn't and my shoes were old ones."

Striker's face turned a deep red when the whole picture became clear. Her heart slammed in her chest and sweat formed on her top lip.

"Here take a drink of this; you look like you need it." Chase handed her the Coke and chuckled when trembling hands reached for it. "Hold on a minute, these are my last pair of shoes and them being filled with Coke doesn't sound too good." She held the cup and let Striker take a long

drink, when she was finished; she wiped the wetness from her upper lip and watched as green eyes turned a deep color.

"Thanks, I have to..." She turned and fled the back room.

"Uuhhmm what happened just now?" Chase asked the others.

"Ohh she's just shy and probably embarrassed about kissing you." Carly remarked as she tilted her head to the side. "You're family right?"

"And your point would be?" Chase asked with a leveled gaze.

"Nothing. Just that Striker maybe...confused."

It hit Chase as to what Carly was saying; she dropped her head and looked at her shoes.

"OK, I should have known something was up when you said she thought I was a guy last night. Don't worry I won't cause any problems for her."

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Striker ran to the bathroom and leaned against the door taking deep breathes. Her mind was reeling with what had happened last night and just a few minutes ago. Pushing off the door she went to look in the mirror, her face was a high pink, eyes a dark green that she had never seen before. Bringing her hands up to her face, she saw how they trembled.

"What is wrong with me?" Leaning forward she rested her head on the mirror. She never heard the door open but felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up. A large hand came down gently on her shoulder and every nerve ending in her body went on alert.

"I don't want you to think that because of what happened last night that I'm going to make a play for you." A deep silky voice rumbled by her ear. "I'm not that kind of woman; I just want us to be friends. Can we do that?" Chase stepped back to let Striker turn, she noticed the confused look on her face. Holding her hand out to the small blond, she gave her a shy smile. "Deal?"

"I'm sorry for everything. I know I had to have been a complete ass last night and today as well. Deal." She shook the larger hand and gave Chase a small smile before going back to the snack bar.

Chase looked in to the mirror and studied her high cheekbones and strong jaw. "I don't look like a man, may act like one at times." She shrugged her shoulders and left the bathroom.

Striker was cutting up onions for the hamburgers, tears rolled down her cheeks as she sliced. Sniffing and using her shirtsleeve to wipe her eyes made it worse as she rubbed the onion juice in. It worked well to cover the true tears that flowed down her cheeks. Her mind was in turmoil over what she had again felt. Made worse by it being a woman that caused the feelings. "Am I

gay and I'm just know finding out?" She asked herself. "If I am will Pops hate me? It would kill him to end up with two daughters being gay. He wants grandkids and Carly can't give him any so that leaves everything up to me." Her heart felt like it weighed tons.

"Striker I need your help out here." Billy yelled through the door to the prep room.

"In a minute, I'm almost done." She wiped her eyes and took a deep breath before going out to take orders.

"Some hot onions you have there, my eyes are watering and I wasn't even back there." The young kid said as he wiped an errant tear from his eye.

"Try slicing all these things, I'm lucky I have eyes left!" She gave a short forced laugh.

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Carly and Deany watched from the back of the bowling alley, they could see the pain showing on the little blondes face but neither knew what to do about it.

"Carly, do you think if I talk to her it'll help?"

"Maybe, you're better at those talks then I am." Placing a gentle kiss on her wives lips. "Go talk to her now before she has a melt down."

Carly took over for her sister while Deany made up an excuse to take Striker home. She knew it would be better to have a talk there then at the alley. Once the crowd had thinned out, Carly grabbed two beers and went to the back to find Chase.

"Damn and I thought I got filthy back here, Deany always makes me strip in the garage before I come in the house. She's even threatened to hose me down!" She handed the taller woman a beer and dropped down beside her on the wooden crate. "So how's your first day going?"

"These machines need a lot of work; did you guys have someone here before I came along?"

"If you can call the town drunk a mechanic then yeah. I do what I can but with school and all it's hard to keep up all the repairs."

"You at Shepherd College?" Chase asked before she took a drink of her beer.

"Yeah, all of us go there. Real bitch is that Striker is in the same grad as Deany and me and we're older than she is."

"You guys are all seniors?"

"Yeah, I took a few years off in-between to you know see the world, get married take the wife on a long honeymoon."

Chase chuckled at the way Carly rolled her eyes when she said long honeymoon. "So it was that kind of honeymoon; were the survival program on TV would have been easier?"

"Yep, try having a honeymoon with your bride's parents along!"

"EEWWW! No sex huh?" Chase busted out laughing at the look on Carly's face. "Why didn't you two just sneak away?"

"Kinda hard on a cruise ship. We tried hiding in a storage closet and got caught by housekeeping."

They sat in the back talking for a few hours before it was time for Chase to head to class.

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"Deany, I figured out what you're up to. Couldn't this have waited until we got off work?"

Hazel eyes looked to the ceiling of the living room; she sighed and nodded her head. "Yeah it could have but I thought it would be more comfortable here then at work. Too many big ears around."

Striker laughed at her. "You mean my shadow Billy? He's annoying but harmless; he's getting better though. He only asked me out three times today."

"What would you do if Chase asked you out?"

"You've always been the blunt one Deany. To answer your question, I don't know. I mean...Deany am I gay?"

"Huh? What makes you think that you might be gay?"

Striker covered her face with her hands and groaned. "All I can think about is Chase."

"I can see that, she is gorgeous, don't tell Carly I said that. But that doesn't mean you're gay. I think of Mel Gibson sometimes and I'm not straight."

"I kissed her! I mean a deep passion filled kiss!"

"So I've kissed men before, I'm still not straight." Her hazel eyes sparkled.

"Did you enjoy it? I mean kissing men."

"Some of them, yeah. But Carly's better than any of them. Don't tell her that 'cuz her head will swell."

"I still don't understand, I mean I've done something's with Mark and never felt half of what one kiss with Chase did to me. Still does to me!"

Deany moved closer to her on the couch and took her in her arms. "Go out with Mark and see if the feelings you have been having from Chase go away." Deany hated saying that but knew that Striker would never go out with another man. "OK, remember that Alley McBeal ep where her and Ling kiss?"

"Yeah, Oohh I got it now." She leaned up and kissed her sister in-laws cheek. "Thanks Deany." She got up from the couch to raid the refrigerator. "I'm not gay; I just feel an attraction to a gorgeous woman." She told herself.

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After a trying time at class, Chase went out to the college parking lot where she had her ten-foot house trailer parked. Pulling her keys from around her neck, she opened the heavy-duty lock and removed the 2-inch steel bar that went across the door. Leaning down she flipped the switch off for the alarm system that she had installed under the frame. When she opened the door, a letter fell out. Picking it up, she read it then bundled it up.

"Mother fuckers! Throwing the note on the ground, she stepped in and slammed the door. "Where the hell am I supposed to park this thing?" Dropping down on to her small bed, she rubbed her eyes and tried to think. "Now what, do I pull this thing back and forth to work or what?" She had checked the local campgrounds all ready and knew that she couldn't afford to park her small house trailer there. "Maybe Carl will let me park it behind the bowling alley until I can find a place for it." With that thought still on her mind, she fell asleep. Pleasant dreams came to her that night; she could feel small hands running down her chest and a pair of green eyes looking up at her. Her lips tingled from the kiss they had shared and a burning feeling lay between her legs. She woke to find her shirt soaked with sweat and her libido screaming like a banshee.

"Damn! This is not good at all!" She pulled her shirt off and tossed it on the floor. "No sleep for the horny." She flipped on the small light by her bed, picked up one of her Psychology manuals, and started to read.

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Striker kept pushing Marks hands away, they had come to the movies to see the latest hit and all he wanted to do was, hit on her. Numerous times, she glared at him and shoved him hard enough that he almost fell from his seat.

"What is wrong with you? Jesus, you act like I've never touched you."

"Mark, this is not the place for this, now stop it or I'll leave!" She crossed her arms over her breasts and went back to watching the movie.

As soon as he pulled in to her driveway he was all over her, she gave in and let him do what he wanted. Pulling the lever for her seat, he let it drop back and flatten out.

"Turn over Striker."

"Mark, why do we always do this with me on my stomach?"

"Because that's how I like it, that's why."

"What about me, don't I get a choice in this relationship?"

"No. And forget about pouting it won't work."

"Neither will this! Get off me now!"

His blue eyes flashed anger, baring his teeth he pulled back and hit her in the side of her face. "You're not doing anything but turning over!" He yelled as he tried to force her on her stomach.

"Mark stop! God damn it STOP!" She struggled, fought and was relieved when his weight was off her back. She turned to see his body being picked-up and thrown on the hood of the Porsche.

"Stay away from my sister or I'll kill you!" Carly yelled with each punch she gave to his face. Striker stumbled from the car to be grabbed by her wrist and pulled to the house by Rita. She kept looking back over her shoulder to see her sister beating the hell out of her boyfriend.

"Rita she'll kill him!" She struggled to pull away, but was stopped by a strong hand on her shoulder.

"No she won't." Deany said as she turned to whistle at her wife. "Carly that's enough!"

"But Cuddles!" She whined.

"I know you're having fun and he's a scrum bag but I think you've done enough damage."

Carly dragged her feet all the way up to the house; she rubbed her knuckles of her right hand and pouted at her wife.

"I'll call the cops and have the trash picked up." Rita said with a huge smile on her face. "Never liked the fucker."

"Carly, how did you know what he was doing?" Striker asked as she wiped the blood from her split lip.

"I heard you screaming 'NO' and you know me, I love to give a good ass beating to any man. But he was very special."

Deany looked at the bruise forming on Striker's cheek and jaw. Touching it with tender fingertip's she got her hand smacked.

"Hey that hurt!"

"I know, let's go put some ice on it before you get a black eye." She grabbed Carly by her arm and dragged her with them. "Come on Xena; let's get you fixed up to."

Carly skipped behind her with a huge grin on her face. "Will you be my Amazon Queen later?" She did a double bicep pose and made her pecs ripple for effect. "I'll do a war cry for ya."

"Pleeeeeease, I want to get some sleep tonight you two." Striker whined.

Rita shook her head at a distant memory. "Yeah, the last time the damn burglar alarm went off and the cops showed up!"

Deany slapped her in her head. "Only because you hit the panic button thinking we were being attacked!"

"It was an honest mistake; I did get a date with that tall good looking cop."

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At noon, they walked into the bowling alley all ready for work. Carly was walking on stiff legs and Deany had a huge smile on her face. Striker on the other hand tried to get past her father with out him seeing her bruised and battered face.

"Hold on a minute there little one. Get back over here!" He ordered. "What happened to your face?" He asked while giving her a critical look.

"Nothing Pops, I'm OK, really."

"Carly have you two been fighting?" He saw her bruised and cut knuckles. "Do I have to come over to your house and stand guard duty?"

"Nope, it was that asshole Mark. I took care of him and right now, he's saying 'Yes Bubba, on my knees Mr. Bubba!' Serves the asshole right!"

"He hit you!? I'll kill the son of a bitch when he gets out!"

He hugged his youngest daughter to his chest and winked at Carly. "You work in the back today, that way you don't have to explain the bruises. And you two can stay here at the desk."

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Striker walked to the back and stopped right before the door, it had just hit her who she would be

working with. "Come on little shit, you can be adult about this." She took a deep breath and pushed the door open. She walked in to the back and looked for Chase; she looked up to the air duct and saw that the cover had been replaced. "Wonder where she is?" Walking further in to the back, she saw a pair of worn shoes on top of the wooden crate they used for a table. On closer inspection, she saw that there were legs going over the edge. "What the hell is she doing?" Looking over the side she saw Chase lying on her back with a book opened on her chest. She continued to watch the sleeping woman for long moments before a blue eye cracked open.

"I was just ahhhh...resting my eyes." She swung her legs down and groaned. "Needles I hate needles!" She rubbed her calves and moaned louder when the stiffness attacked all her muscles.

"Hold on there, let me help you." Striker massaged Chase's calves and ankles until Chase stopped squirming from the pain.

"Thanks; I should know better than to do that." She rolled to her feet and moaned from the stiffness in her back. "I'm getting to damn old to lie on the concrete.

"Com on, you can't be much older than me."

"I'm twenty five going on 50; and I didn't sleep to good last night. They had a party in the parking lot and some assholes kept throwing bottles at my trailer."

Striker gave her a funny look then her eyes widened. "You live in that little house trailer in the parking lot?"

"Yep, well at least I did until last night. Security gave me my eviction notice, now I'm in the Food lion parking lot until I can find a better place."

Striker raised an eyebrow at her. "What about out back? Pops won't mind and you can keep an eye on the place after closing."

"Actually I was going to ask him about that." She lowered her eyes to the floor. "I didn't know what he'd say."

Striker sat beside her and looked at her strong profile; she noticed her straight nose and strong jaw. "I said it's OK, so don't worry about it."

Chase looked up at her and smiled, and then it disappeared when she saw the dark ugly bruises. "What happened to you? That looks like it hurts like hell."

"I had a little disagreement last night with someone. Believe me they're worse than I am." Just then Carly came back with band Aids all over her knuckles. Chase's eyes turned to steel, she got up off the crate and grabbed Carly by her throat and lifted her off the ground.

"What did I do?" She croaked and grabbed at the strong hand.

"Chase put her down!" Striker grabbed at her strong arm. "It wasn't Carly! Please don't hurt my sister!" She pleaded as tears came to her eyes. Chase loosened her grip and lowered Carly to the floor.

"Sorry, I over reacted when I saw her face and your hands." She slumped to the crate and dropped her head into her hands. She looked up when she felt a hand come to rest on her back and saw tear filled green eyes looking down at her. Then Carly poking at her biceps.

"Damn girlfriend you've got huge pythons there! I'm impressed! Just came back to tell you that the Police are here about your house trailer."

"Shit! Can it get any worse?" She dropped her head back down.

"Yeah you could be my ex-boyfriend who just happens to be worse off than me." Striker said as she rubbed Chase's back. "Come on I'll help you get your trailer over here."

Carly gave her sister a surprised look. "I'll tell Pop where you two have taken off to."

"Thanks sis, we'll be back in no time."

Carly took off at a sprint to tell her wife what had just happened and that Strike was going with Chase.

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Chase backed her truck up to the trailer hitch then jumped out to hook it up. She lowered the hitch over the ball, kicked it with her foot and watched as it dropped down on the ball. After connecting the chains and wire connector, she made sure that the trailer was legal before getting back in the truck.

"All set, you ready?" She asked the startled blond.

"You're done? Geez I thought it was like a major thing to hook them up."

"Nope, 3 minutes max." She gazed over at the grocery store and a grin came to her face. "You guys like to grill out?"

"Yeah, we have a grill at home we use all year long."

"Good, let's go get some food for later."

Chase pushed the shopping cart through the store with Striker hanging off the front. A grin was plastered on the tall woman's face, she couldn't believe Striker. She was just like a little kid. As they went down the isles she would grab items and toss them over her shoulder and in to the cart. The worst area was the cookie isle, she never seen anyone be able to juggle packages of cookies with one hand before.

"Striker, do we really need all this stuff?" God she thought, this feels so right.

"Of course, ya know everyone will be glad to not have to bring me here this week. They hate shopping with me, especially double coupon day." Her bright smile warmed Chase's heart. "Like how I roped you in?"

"Oohh yeah, you're a smooth one."

They got to the meat area, Chase just pushed the cart and let Striker do all the choosing. Half the meat Striker picked, Chase had no idea how you would cook it but it didn't matter, just seeing the child-like look on Striker's face was enough.

"OK, you want any special beer for later?"

Chase smiled down at her. "Do you really want beer?"

"Well, not really. I've had enough of that stuff for a while. I was just thinking of you."

It took all of Chase's will power not to hug the small woman, no one had ever thought of her before and this thrilled her.

"Nope, I'm not a real big drinker."

The cashier groaned the second she saw Striker being pushed up to the register, she grabbed the microphone and called for extra packers and more carts. They all knew Striker and how much food she could force into one cart. The woman's eyes widened at the strange woman with the little blonde.

"Striker, I see you've bribed someone else into helping you shop." She leaned forward over the register and gave Chase a sexy grin. "Maybe I can barrow her later?"

Striker's green eyes narrowed at the bold woman, she didn't know why but she didn't like it one bit how the woman was openly flirting with Chase. She wanted to yell "MINE!" and bite the offending hand that was touching Chase's arm. Mentally slapping herself for even thinking of Chase in that way, she forced a smile.

"Sorry, but she'll be occupied later." She looked over her shoulder into amused blue eyes. She hoped that she hadn't over stepped her place by turning the woman's proposal to Chase down with out even thinking that maybe Chase was interested.

"Well, maybe later. I get off work at eight." She licked her lips while staring Chase in the eye.

"Sorry, I have a date tonight." Chase purred in her deepest voice then looked to a blushing Striker.

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"You weren't interested in going out with Sheila were you?" Striker asked from where she was stacking the groceries in the back of the truck. "I'm sure that if you were, you could go back in and she'd fall over if you asked her out."

"Hell no!" Chase lowered her voice. "I'd rather be locked in a tiny room full of with a rattle snakes."

"She's defiantly interested in going out with you as well as all the packers are, I was just being presumptuous that you didn't want to meet up with her or them."

Chase leaned against the quarter panel of her truck and laughed at the memory of how Striker had stood in front of her with her arms crossed over her chest, daring anyone to come within six foot. And now she was trying so hard to get to her point with out even touching on the right words. Moving closer to where Striker was kneeling, she placed her fingers under her chin and lifted her face up so that they were eye to eye.

"You weren't wrong in what you thought, and yes I did mean I had a date with you. I just didn't think I needed to disclose that it was you and the rest of your family."

Striker's face colored a deep pink, she didn't know if it was from what Chase had said or the touch of her fingers. "Oohh, well I think we should get going before some of this stuff thaws." She placed her hands on Chase's shoulders and let her lift her out of the back of the truck.

"I like how you help me better, Carly opens her arms and yells Jump little shit jump! And then runs off and leaves me to struggle."

"You two are real close aren't you?" Chase asked as she took a quick look over at her passenger.

"Yeah, I'm close with Deany to. I've known Deany almost my entire life, her and Carly have been together since they were kids." She turned to rest her back against the door of the truck. "We all live together along with our cousin Rita, I don't know if I could live separate from them." Tears started to form in her eyes. "They've both been like a mother to me."

Chase reached over and gave her arm a tender squeeze. "I didn't mean to upset you."

"It's OK, I've just been a little over emotional the last couple of days. With my birthday and the fight with my boyfriend."

"Do you mind telling me about that? I feel so bad attacking Carly like I did. You don't have to if you don't want."

Striker glanced over to see warm blue eyes watching her.

"I'll tell you as soon as we get your trailer parked. First I have to go beg, plead and promise to do

obscene things for Carly so that she'll help bring the groceries in."

"Let me know what I owe your Dad for today and I'll give you the money." Her answer was hysterical laughter and Striker holding her stomach as she stumbled away.

"I didn't think what I said was funny." Chase said to herself as she ran long fingers through her hair.

"You've never seen us eat, so the little bit of food you picked out, Pops can handle."

With much mumbling and ass kicking, they moved all of the bags of groceries in to the bowling alley's prep room. Striker sorted through the bags putting the staples away that were to remain and re-packing the stuff that would go to their home, Chases trailer and their fathers. She had only three bags to sort when Chase came in to the room. She stood leaning up against the side of the door watching the little blonde toss stuff from one bag to three others. A wide grin came to her face when she looked at the box of Cocoa Puffs in the small hand.

"I can't believe I bought Carly her damn cereal, I must be getting soft."

"Nah, you just love her." Blue eyes twinkled when Striker just about fell over.

"You always sneak up on people?" She wiped her hands on her thighs.

"I wasn't sneaking, I was observing." She grinned. "Anyway, I need a BBQ brush, mines seen better centuries."

"You have a grill hidden somewhere?"

"Yep, in fact Carly's trying to burn the parking lot down with it as we speak.

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In between taking care of the last customers and fixing little problems with the machines, they were able to get chicken, burgers, hot dogs and shrimp grilled. Striker made potato salad and had French fries in the deep fryers for when they would eat. They closed the doors for the night then headed to the back where the grill was set up, along with crates and the few lawn chairs Chase had. Carl was amazed of all that his girls were able to do and still take care of the business. Before he could say a word, a plate was pushed into his hands and he was led to a lawn chair and pushed down.

"Eat Pops before it gets cold." Striker said as she handed him a cold beer.

"What is all this? And whose trailer is that?"

"Don't worry about it Pops and I told Chase she could park her trailer back here. Campus security evicted her from their parking lot this morning."

"OK, just making sure." He looked at all the food heaped on his plate then to his youngest. "This wouldn't be a bribe or anything would it?" his green eyes sparkled at the astonished look Striker gave him.

"Would we do that to you?" She dropped her head and looked at him from under her dark brows. "Yeah we would, but not this time. It was Chase's idea for a cook out and she took me to the grocery store."

Carl choked on his mouthful of food. "She willingly took you to the grocery store, no bribes or anything?"

"It was no problem Sir, it was kind of fun watching her play Kate Winslet by hanging off the front of the cart." She placed a hand on the small blushing blonde's shoulder. "Any time you want to go to the store just let me know." She walked off to sit on the step of her trailer by Carly and Deany who were sharing a lounge chair.

"All right you rat bastards!" Rita yelled from the back door. "Y'all sitting out here feeding your faces and leaving me at home to scrounge for food!" She went up to Carl and placed a kiss on his forehead. "Hi ya Pops, what's the occasion?"

"Chase got suckered into taking Striker to the grocery store."

Rita's pale green eyes scanned the area until she found Chase, a rakish grin came to her red painted lips. "There's the poor soul, must have been pure Hell on her."

Striker knew the tone of her slutty cousin's voice and didn't like what her intentions were. She grabbed her plate from the table and headed over to where everyone was sitting. Without even thinking of what she was doing she went to Chase and sat on her lap. She gave her sister the raised eyebrow telling her to not say a word.

"Don't mind me, just go on and talk." She picked up a piece of shrimp and popped it in to her mouth. All heads turned when Rita came towards them and started laughing.

Deany rolled her eyes. "What in the Hell is so funny Red?"

"Little shit staking claim to something she wouldn't know what to do with."

"And your point would be?" Green eyes flashed. "If I remember correctly, the phone company calls you for people's phone numbers. So why don't you go call one for a one night stand."

Chase was lost as to what was going on. She looked back and forth between the snapping family members. She knew that something was going on to make Striker so bold as to sit on her lap. She re-played what Rita had said and it smacked her right between the eyes. Her insides did back flips and if not for Striker sitting on her lap, she would have jumped up and down. She knew Striker was just doing it to save her from the flirtatious Rita. But it still warmed her, she placed a

possessive arm around Striker's waist and pulled her back to lean against her chest. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Carly trying to hold back a grin.

"Ohh I got it now!" Carl snickered when they all turned to look at him. "Rita got stood up!" He held up his fingers to them. "One. she's here, two. it's Friday and she's here and number three. She has on her CSR lip stick!" He started laughing so hard that tears came to his eyes.

Chase looked to the others in deep confusion. "CSR lipstick?" Striker held up a hand to stop anyone from saying a word. She leaned close to Chase's ear and whispered.

"Cock sucking red."

"But...I thought...?"

"Don't matter with her, sex is sex." Striker pulled away to look in to blue eyes.

Chase leaned in to whisper. "Gotcha, so I was to be a notch on her head board?"

"Yep, she's the reason we don't have a dog."

"HEY I HEARD THAT!" Rita yelled and threw a French fry at Striker. "We don't have a dog because I'm allergic."

"That's only part of the reason." Striker whispered.

Carly leaned in to whisper to her wife. "Watch Chase's face when Striker moves around." They watched Chase's face turn a healthy pink and her breathing catch with each small movement from Striker.

Chase was slowly going insane, her heartbeat dropped down between her legs and was having a coronary. She could feel her wetness soaking through to her Levi's and if Striker didn't stop moving around, she would make a complete ass of herself. She was shocked that this little blonde could excite her so much with her innocent movements.

"Here eat this." Striker held a shrimp up to her lips and shook her head when Chase took just the very end in to her mouth.

"Eat it." She pushed the shrimp between Chase's lips with her finger and took the moan from Chase as the food tasting good not that the touch of her finger in Chase's mouth to send lightning to southern regions.

Carly couldn't stand to see Chase in agony anymore. "Hey sis, why don't you get Chase and us a nice cold beer?"

"I'm only doing this because I'm a nice person ya know." Placing her dish on the ground, she used her other hand to push off of Chase's upper thigh. Carly's chuckle was stopped by Deany

covering her mouth. Chase mouthed a thank you to her and tried to take deep calming breathes to still the volcano that was close to eruption.

"Deany, one of us needs to have a talk with little shit before she kills Chase."

"Oohh Geez baby, I hate that talk!" She dropped her head down to bury her face against her wives neck. "She has to have some idea."

"Nooo she doesn't!" Chase moaned. "None what's so ever!"

Rita sauntered up to Chase and draped an arm over her shoulder, looking down she licked her lips and groaned close to Chase's ear.

"I know that look. I'll take care of you."

"Ya know this look?" Striker was standing behind her with her hands planted on her hips, her green eyes flecked with gold as she glared from beneath her dark brows. "Paws off Red!"

"Ahh come on Striker! I only want her for a little while."

"Excuse me but I do have a say in this ya know." Chase shrugged Rita's arm off her shoulder. "Rita, I'm going to be blunt with you, you're not my type."

"Damn! Can't blame a girl for trying." She smiled, shrugged her shoulders and then pointed a finger at her cousin. "You don't wiggle around on someone's lap unless you plan on taking care of what you caused." She waved to them and walked away. "I'm off to find a date, see ya!"

Carly and Deany looked at each other and grinned. "Takes care of that part." Deany whispered close to her wives ear.

"Not really Cuddles, wanna see what wiggling does?"

Deany looked to see that Carl was sound asleep in his chair. "Pool room five minutes." Carly jumped up and sprinted in to the bowling alley. Deany stood up and beckoned Chase over to her. With some difficulty, Chase stood to her six-foot stature and bent down to hear what Deany was whispering. Striker's heart slammed into her chest at the site of Chase's shirt stretching across her thick shoulders, She was caught with her mouth hanging open when their conversation ended.

"Striker close your yap." Deany took off at a sprint in to the building laughing the entire way.

Chase stood up and ran her fingers vigorously through her long hair, she was trying to figure out why she had agreed to have "The talk" with Striker. Her little voice was hysterical with laughter, and was slapping her on her head. "You are sooo screwed!"

"Uuhmm Striker, we need to have a little talk." Her blue eyes connected with green for a brief moment then looked away.

"Sure, what do you want to talk about?"

"Gods how did I get my self in to this?" She mumbled. "Let's go in my trailer in case Rita can't find a date." She held the door open and helped Striker in, she sat down on the edge of her bed and motioned for Striker to do the same. She moved as far as she could to the other side so that she wasn't tempted to touch the small blonde.

"I've been roped in to having "The talk" with you."

"The talk?" Her eyes narrowed and then widened. "You mean the sex talk?" She laughed when shy blue eyes looked up at her. "Chase I know all about sex, I'm not a virgin. And I happen to be twenty one years old."

"Uuhmm well, yes you are in some areas."

"Some areas?" Her confusion showed clearly on her face.

"OK, I see this is going to be hard to explain, so instead of talking about it I want you to read something." She rummaged in the long drawer under her bed and pulled out a bundle of papers.

"Are those your notes from sex ed?" Striker wiggled her brows.

"If I'd had this stuff, sex ed would have taken on a whole new meaning." She handed the papers over and leaned back on her bed. "Read that and I'm going to get some studying done."

Striker looked at the title and then noticed that it had been down loaded from the internet.

"Emotional Paralysis?" She looked to see Chase reading a psychology book. She leaned back against the wall and started reading.

After a while of silence, Chase looked up from where she had stretched out on her bed, to see Striker's face a deep beet red. She knew what section she had come to and was about to bust up laughing when Striker's jaw dropped open. Sensing green eyes about to look up at her she went back to her book.

Long minutes later Striker heard a soft knock on the door, she leaned over and pushed it open to see Carly looking at her.

"You about ready to go?"

"Huh?"

"Go, as in home where you live."

"But I'm reading." She whined.

"And Chase is sound asleep." Carly nodded her head to where Chase was snoring softly with her book laying on her chest.

"Go ahead and go home, I'll go sleep in the Pops office when I'm done reading."

"What are you reading?" She tried to look at the papers in her sister's hands.

"Just something that Chase said would help me understand some...things."

"Oh...Ooohhh, all right I'll pick you up tomorrow morning for class." Carly left with a huge grin on her face, she never thought of giving her sister something to read instead of having to explain things to her. For some reason she knew she could trust Chase with her sister, anyone else and she would be dragging Striker home.

Striker moved slowly to Chase, she picked up the book and pulled a blanket over the sleeping woman. She sat for long moments watching her sleep and couldn't help herself when she brought her fingers down the side of her high cheekbone. She looked so peaceful, her soft lips slightly parted tugged at Striker to lean in and kiss them but she fought and pulled back. Stretching out beside her, she lay close enough to feel the heat coming from her body. Sighing at how comfortable she felt lying next to this woman, she went back to reading.

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Chase woke up lying half on her side, she felt a heaviness against her back and felt an arm wrapped around her chest and her right breast being held in a small hand. Trying to move her legs she found that she was tangled with Striker's and couldn't move. Not really wanting to move from the comfort of the smaller woman's embrace she drifted back to sleep.

Striker woke to the sound of her sister's voice in her ear, she opened one eye and closed it when the morning light shined into it.

"Go way." She mumbled as she snuggled into Chase's neck.

"Sis, you have class in an hour." Carly whispered to her.

"No class, sleep."

Deany leaned over her wife's shoulder and looked down at the sleeping women. A sweet smile came to her face, she had never seen Striker so at ease before. "Let her sleep." She whispered. Carly pulled the blanket up over them and was about to leave when a blue eye cracked open. "It's OK, go back to sleep." Chase reached out and squeezed her hand, then wrapped her arm around Striker and pulled her closer.

Carly wrapped an arm around her wife's waist as they walked to their car, she leaned her head against Deany's and sniffled. "Our baby's grown up."

"Yes she has, you don't think they...you know?"

"No, I trust Chase."

"So do I."

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The sun came through the windows of the trailer and shined into Chase's face. She covered her face with her pillow and heard a soft 'Thank you' whispered in her ear. Her heart stopped when she realized that Striker was still there, she had thought she was dreaming the other times she had woke and then realized that Carly and Deany had been there to. She groaned at what they must have thought when they found them sleeping together.

"Ohh Gods." She mumbled.

"What's wrong?" She heard Striker mumble back.

She lifted the pillow and turned her head to see sleepy green eyes looking at her. "Your sister and Deany were here this morning."

"So." She snuggled deeper into Chase's body and then went rigid. "Oohh shit...ahh to hell with them." She relaxed into the warmth of the other woman. "We didn't do anything, and so what if we had."

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Striker was in the library using one of the computers to download more fan fiction from the web page that was on the story that she had been reading. She looked up when she heard Rita calling her name and sighed, she knew that Rita was up to know good. She never came to the library unless she wanted something.

"So Striker, I noticed that you didn't come home last night. Anything interesting happen?"

"Well...I did read a story that Chase had given me and she studied."

Rita's pale green eyes grew wide. "That's all? No groping or anything?"

"No, she's was the perfect lady. Didn't even touch me."

Rita's eyes narrowed at her. "After you drove her insane last night, she didn't try anything when you were alone."

"You have a one track mind, sex isn't the only thing in this world. Have you ever tried like talking to someone?"

"Sure I talk...well scream." She grinned. "That's all I need to say."

"You are sooo wrong. No wonder you only have one night stands."

"When did you become an authority on relationships?"

"Never said I was, but I've lived with Carly and Deany my entire life and I see what they have and you don't. They haven't stayed together for the last eight years by sex alone."

Rita became pensive, she looked down at her hands and a smile came to her face. "You know what Striker, you've got a point there." She squeezed her cousin's shoulder then left.

"Open your mouth instead of your legs, might be surprised at what happens." She mumbled to herself. "That didn't sound to good did it?" She shook her head and went back to searching web pages.

Hours later, she was still in the library when Chase came in and found her with her nose buried in a stack of papers. She dropped down in to the chair next to her and looked over her arm at what she was reading.

"Did I get you hooked?" She purred only loud enough for Striker to hear.

"Yep, you sure did." She nudged Chase with her shoulder. "I didn't know this kind of stuff was out there." She gave Chase a beaming smile. "Some of it's how do you say..."

"Steamy?" Chase offered.

"Gods yes!" She wiped imaginary sweat from her forehead. "I had to put some of it away, I felt like I was going to spontaneously combust on the spot!" Her face turned a deep red.

"Sorry...you've read it so I don't need to tell you." She dropped her head and gave Chase a shy smile. "Thank you, I know the difference now...is it really like that...you know how the authors write the love scenes?"

"You mean between having some one just fuck you and to have your body worshiped by someone who truly loves you?" She laughed when Striker covered her mouth and told her to hush.

"Are you trying to get me to turn a few more shades darker than what I am?"

"But you're so cute when you blush. For your question, everyone is different when it comes to love; now I've never seen stars or heard angels sing but that doesn't mean that someone else didn't." Dropping her head, she found the tabletop had the most amazing wood pattern. "I don't have a whole lot of experience in the love or sex department. Maybe Carly or Deany can tell you more." Looking up with a smile curving her lips she chuckled at the shocked expression on Striker's face.

"You're kidding right? I mean I'm not saying...oh hell..." She stuttered over her words. "I don't know what I'm saying."

"It's OK, I've had one lover and it wasn't anything like what I've read." She ruffled Striker's hair and stood up. "Come on I'll take you to work."

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For the next week, Striker worked in the back with Chase. They talked while working and during the slow period, they sat close together sharing innocent touches and shy glances while they studied. Once at home, Striker pulled out the stories that she printed up everyday while at the library. Quite a few times, she found herself taking cold showers late at night. She was lying in her bed with the light turned down on her lamp, she was reading a scene that had her panting. She dropped the papers on the floor and turned the light off. Groaning she pulled her pillow over her head and squeezed her eyes shut. Moving around in her bed, she felt the wetness between her legs. She had never become this wet with Mark but reading a steamy sex scene between woman just about drove her over the edge. She pulled the pillow off her face, her eyes still closed she pictured Chase, how her lips would turn up slightly at the corners when she was trying not to smile, or how her eyes would change colors as she would listen to something. The memory of the night she had slept in her arms flooded her mind and sent tingles through her body. Reaching up she ran her fingers across her breast and felt her nipple harden and a soft moan escaped her lips. Using more pressure she felt her center throb and her hips jerk upwards. With slow movements, she lowered a hand down to the waistband of her boxers and slipped under to touch her soft curls, she could feel her wetness soaking her hair and moved her fingers down further to explore. She gasped when she felt how swollen her nether lips were and how sensitive her clit was. Running a finger between her lips, she touched her center and moaned when she felt it contract. Slipping a finger inside herself, she thrust her hips and brushed her clit with her thumb. She imagined that it was Chase touching her. Within minutes, her body shuttered with a silent climax.

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Chase lay in bed on her stomach, her face buried in her pillow she lay trying to calm her overheated body. The entire day she thought of nothing else but Striker. Her pillow still smelled of the little blondes perfume and every night she fell asleep to her scent. She flipped over on to her back and kicked her heels into her mattress.

"Can you die from sexual frustration?" She asked herself. Pushing her sweats down her legs, she kicked them off her feet. Raising her knees, she ran her hands up her thighs and felt the wetness coating the insides. A deep moan came from her chest at the feel. She teased her nether lips with one finger while her hand went to her left nipple and rolled it between her fingers. She pictured Striker's face hovering between her thighs and thrust upwards as she pushed two fingers inside of herself. She pumped her fingers and brushed her engorged clit with the heel of her hand until her body shuttered it's release. Her hips fell to the mattress as after shocks traveled through her body and her center gripped her fingers. With the tremors over, she rolled onto her side with her hand

still nestled against her center. "I wish it was you Striker." She drifted off to sleep thinking of a small blond with smiling green eyes.

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Saturday was a busy day at the bowling alley, they had their tournaments all day long in preparation for the ending of the winter season. Chase was covered in grease and grime from having to crawl up inside the ball return chutes and the pinsetters, while Striker always seemed to stay clean. Striker was on her hands and knees looking down one of the ball returns while Chase rolled spare balls down to try and unblock the chute. "Harder Chase!" She yelled then turned a deep red when she saw Chase wiggle her eyebrows at her.

"Deeper to?" Chase asked back. "I can do both ya know with the right motivation."

Striker licked her upper lip and gave Chase a seductive look that made her knees go weak.

Chase grabbed her chest, rolled her eyes and groaned. "You want me to have a heart attack?"

"If that happens, I know CPR. And I know just where to put my hands for the most beneficial chest compressions." She held her hands up and wiggled her fingers.

"Gods have mercy!"

Striker felt someone behind her, she looked over her shoulder and froze upon seeing Mark, she growled and came to her feet to glare at him. "I don't want to see you anymore, it's over so get the hell out of here!"

"Striker, we need to talk about us."

"Did your hearing fail and you not hear me say it's over?"

"You can't mean that" His blue eyes narrowed as he looked down at her. No way in Hell was she going to just toss him aside. No woman did that to him. "Who else is going to fuck you, you're no prize you know, you scrawny little bitch!"

She felt an inner strength come over that she had never had before. Her temper flared, her eyes darkened to an almost black. Jabbing a finger in to his chest she forced him back against the ball return.

"You had better get out of my site before I use you to wipe up the floor."

"Right, you'll just scream and Carly will come running to your rescue." He laughed and smacked away her hand. "You're so pathetic Striker, the only thing you can do is act like a bitch in heat and get down on your hands and knees."

He never saw the knee come up into his groin or the left cross that caught him on his jaw. When he went down, she grabbed his hair and slammed his face into her knee.

"The only thing your worth to me, is to wipe up my floor." Using her foot in the center of his chest, she pushed him on to his back. He grabbed his broken nose and groaned.

"You fucking cunt! You broke my nose!"

"Yeah she did!" A deep growl came from behind Striker. "You had better get your sorry ass out of here before I jump in and do worse."

His blue eyes looked up to see a feral grin. "Who the hell are you?" He said as he struggled to his feet and stepped backwards away from her.

Striker went after him and jabbed him in his chest again, her voice dropped an octave to sound like a low growl. "That is my girlfriend, and I've told her all about you. So you had better run!"

"So you turned dyke on me." He threw his head back and laughed. "Doesn't matter, I'll still fuck you up the ass, like I did all the other times."

A low rumbling growl came from deep in Chase's throat, she handed Striker the bowling ball she had been holding and advanced towards Mark.

"Chase wait!" Striker put a hand on her chest and held her back. With a sweet smile on her face, she turned to Mark. "Mark, I'd love for you to do something for me." She batted her eyes at him.

A cocky grin came to his face. "What's that, fuck your girlfriend?"

"Nope, catch!" She swung the bowling ball and released it at the level of his groin. His eyes grew wide, jaw dropped and a gust of air burst from his lungs when the bowling ball hit him. He looked up at her and fell to the floor gasping for air.

"I'd say that was a strike, wouldn't you?" Striker looked up into silvery blue orbs. "Come on, I'll have Carly clean up the mess."

Chase wrapped an arm around her shoulders and walked her towards the desk; she continued to hold on to her as Striker told Carly and her father what had happened.

"My baby sister knocked the hell out of Mark; I never knew you had it in you Sis." Carly beamed at her. "You wouldn't even let your girlfriend have any fun." She walked away chuckling.

"I did say that about you didn't I?" Scared green eyes locked with blue. "I...in the...damn." She hung her head and scuffed her toes across the carpet. "Hope that didn't bother you that...I..."

"No, it didn't bother me. But damn Tiny, couldn't you have a least let me break his jaw or something?"

Striker smiled up at her. "Tiny?"

"Well, you are tiny compared to me."

Carl looked over at them and smiled when he saw the looks they were exchanging, the way they had their arms wrapped around each other and knew that he would soon have another daughter in the family.

"She's tiny to everything on two legs; I've seen toddlers that are taller."

"Gee thanks Pop, love you to."

Giving her a wicked grin, he replied. "I just couldn't pass up the chance."

He turned his head when he heard a low moaning, coming towards them was Carly, dragging Mark by the back of his collar and belt. His nose was swollen and misshapen with blood still dripping from it; from the way, he had his hands placed on his crotch, that wasn't fairing any better.

"I think you broke something else besides his nose Sis." She yanked on the back of his belt and snorted when he cried out.

Striker stepped closer to Chase and wrapped her arms tighter around her waist.

"What did you do to him?" Carl winched when Carly yanked on Marks belt again.

"I threw a sixteen pound bowling ball at his head pin." Once Mark was out of sight, her adrenaline rush evaporated and her knees buckled. Chase looked down to see her eyes filled with tears and her chin shaking. Sweeping her up into her arms, she gave Carl a silent message and carried Striker towards the back.

"It's over now Tiny." She felt the sobs start softly and then the dam broke. Wrapping her arms around Chase's neck, she sobbed uncontrollably into her neck. Chase carried her out the back door to her trailer, using one hand she pulled the door open and went in. Placing Striker down on to her bed, she tried to get her to let go of her neck.

"Don't leave me." Striker begged as she held on harder.

"I'm not going anywhere, just let me take off my greasy shirt and pants." She felt Striker nod her head then release her neck, she pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor, next were her greasy Levis. She looked to see Striker watching her every movement with darkened eyes. Pulling a clean shirt and boxers on, she sat on the edge of her bed and pulled Striker in to her arms.

"Why don't you lie down and take a nap?"

"I'm not tired." Striker sobbed. "Don't leave me." She repeated.

"I won't." She placed a kiss on a blond crown and rocked her back and forth until her sobs stopped. Handing her a Kleenex she pulled back so she could wipe her eyes and blow her nose. "Feel better?" Striker nodded her head then placed it between Chase's breasts. Moving them to the center of the bed, Chase laid them both down and pulled Striker closer to her body. Moving her hand in circles on Striker's back, she coaxed her in to slumber. Once she was sure that Striker was asleep, she placed kisses on her forehead and lips, and then got up to go back into the bowling alley to get a coffee and to stay away from her temptation.

Deany looked up at her and smiled at the way she was dressed.

"Boxers and work boots, that's a new look that I don't think I will take up."

"You might try it, who knows may drive Carly insane." She raised an eyebrow and wiggled it.

"Won't work, she's all ready nuts. Speaking of nuts, where's the little shit?"

"She's in my trailer sleeping. The whole Mark thing got to her."

"What Mark thing?" Deany's hazel eyes grew wide, she crawled over the counter of the snack bar and was about to take off for Chase's trailer.

"Hold on now Deany, she's OK. It's Mark that's on his way to the hospital."

"What? Don't tell me Carly beat him up again."

Chase busted out laughing when Deany rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Nope, Striker lived up to her name; she put it as taking out his head pin with a sixteen pound bowling ball."

"She didn't?" Deany busted up laughing the second Chase nodded her head. "Good, I'm glad. None of us liked the son of a bitch." Taking Chases hands in hers she looked in to crystal blue eyes. "I've never seen her as happy as she is when she's with you."

"She makes me happy to. I just don't know what to do?"

"Follow your heart Chase, it will never mislead you."

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Striker woke up alone, she looked around the small trailer with blurry eyes and sighed at the silence that surrounded her. Crawling from bed, she went in the small bathroom and washed her face. Looking in the mirror, she saw the remains of her bruises had faded but now her eyes were swollen and blood shot from all the crying she had done.

"You're a mess Striker. No wonder Chase hasn't made a move on you." She searched through Chase's closet and pulled out a hooded sweatshirt. Bringing it up to her nose, she inhaled the soft musky scent and lingering cologne that she associated with the tall woman. She pulled it over her head and left the small trailer and headed through the small patch of brush at the back of the bowling alley. With eyes downcast, she continued to walk out into the open field and kept walking while her mind ran in circles. Crystal blue eyes and strong arms tortured her now as it did in her sleep. She knew in her heart that she wanted Chase as more than just a friend, she wanted everything from the blue-eyed woman but knew that Chase didn't feel the same way about her. Then again, the way the blue of her eyes changed with just the slightest touch. And the teasing manner they had developed made her think twice of how Chase might feel towards her. Without even thinking she crossed the road and turned right down the next one and crossed over into another field. She finally looked up to see the sky starting to darken and a chill settle in the air. She pulled the sweatshirt tighter around her body and shivered.

"Cute Striker, you've managed to walk ten miles home without even knowing it." She walked up the driveway and dropped down on the porch swing to wait for someone to come home. "Even better you dumb shit, your keys are at work." She leaned her head back against the swing and sighed. "You are sooo fucked up in the head. You had better do something before they lock your ass up." She closed her eyes and used one foot to push the swing back and forth. "Now you're talking to yourself."

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Chase had just finished her work and went with Carly and Deany so they could wake Striker up. She slowly opened the door and looked in, panic hit her square in the chest when she saw the empty bed. She stepped in and searched the bathroom and found nothing.

"She's not here, are you guys sure she's not in the bowling alley?"

Carly looked to her wife and nodded then to Chase. "I came from Pops office and she wasn't in there with me."

"Damn, where the hell did she go?" She thought a moment, her eyes narrowed with a bad thought. "Where's Mark, is he in the hospital still?"

"He won't be out for a long time." Carly grinned. "The paramedic said that he had some serious injuries to his nuts."

"OK, then where the hell s she?" Chase paced her small trailer, running her hands through her hair she looked up with concern showing in her eyes. "Would she have taken a walk?"

"Oohh shit!" Carly grabbed her wife by the arm and dragged her out the door, she pulled her to the brush behind Chase's trailer and checked for an area that would have been broken down by small feet. "Look, she went through here." She pointed to a small area that had twigs snapped

and tall grass pushed away from them. "That little shit went through the fields, we used to do that when we were younger and I couldn't steal Pops car keys."

Chase looked over the smaller women's shoulders at the area, then out into the field. "You guys head home, I'll take off across the fields in case she's still out there."

Carly looked into silvery blue eyes. "Do you know where we live?"

"Nope, might help huh?" Carly wrote down their address and pointed in the direction that her sister would have headed.

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Chase changed her clothes, she put on black cami pants and a dark nylon windbreaker. Lacing her combat boots tightly and then stretching her legs muscles, she took off into the fields at a ground-eating run. The night had grown dark and she stumbled in some spots where the ground dripped off, but continued at a fast pace.

Carly and Deany drove the back roads in case Striker had cut over and decided to walk the road home instead of the fields. She slowed the car down when they saw a dark figure run up over the road a distance from them. "No way could Chase have gotten this far all ready." She said as she squinted her eyes.

"Wanna make a bet?" Deany dared. "She would run across hot coals with her bare feet for Striker."

"Have I been missing something going on with those two?"

"It's what they've not been doing that's the problem. You big dummy."

Carly's eyes widened as it clicked in her mind. "Oooh! Gotcha Cuddles." She gave her wife a toothy grin. "We don't have that problem do we."

Chase ran across the front yard and slowed to a jog when she saw a small figure sitting on the porch swing. She slowed her steps to a stop then just watched as Striker rocked back and forth. Taking in the way her head was resting on the back of the swing and the rise and fall of her chest as she breathed would lead you to think she was sleeping. For what seemed an eternity she gazed on the peaceful face of her friend.

Striker's pulse picked up after the hair on her scalp pricked, she opened her eyes to slits to see a tall dark figure hidden by shadows standing in the front yard. With the cast of the full moon caressing her with gentle fingers, Chase's eyes glowed silver. She slowly came to her feet and walked towards Chase with her intentions blazing in her fiery green eyes. Coming within inches of her, she locked eyes with her and let the walls crumble to show her emotions.

The second the moon light shown down onto Striker, Chase stopped breathing, she swore that

the Goddess of the moon was walking towards her, Silver reflected off Striker's golden hair and flow down to surround her entire body in an ethereal light. Her heart stopped when fiery green eyes locked with her own. She reached down with one hand to touch the soft parted lips with the tip of her finger.

"You're beautiful." She whispered softly to Striker. "You steal my breath with one look and my heart seize to beat from one touch."

Striker couldn't believe the words that came from the usually quiet woman. "You shame me with your beauty, of silvery eyes and softness of lips, may I die from one taste." She leaned up and brushed her lips softly across Chase's, leaning back only far enough to look into her eyes. She saw reflecting back what she had been carrying in her own heart. Wrapping her arms around Chase's neck she pulled her down for another gentle kiss.

Chase felt the electricity rush through her body the second Striker touched her. It all became so clear when their lips touched in the gentlest of kisses. She was in love with this gentle soul and would give her very life to her. Running her hands down across the muscular back she came to her trim hips and pulled her closer as she opened her mouth to an exploring tongue. A deep moan escaped her as Striker sucked her tongue into her own mouth, she had never felt anything like it and didn't ever want it to stop. They kissed for long minutes until the need for air drove them apart, looking deeply in to each other's eyes, Chase was the first to speak.

"I'm in love with you. From that first kiss I belonged to you." She saw the tears form in green eyes and felt her heart start to break. She dropped her head to look at her feet.

Striker leaned up and whispered into Chase's ear. "I'm yours if you'll have me." She turned a strong jaw with the tips of her fingers and captured Chase's lips in a passion-filled kiss that made the taller woman's knees go weak.

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"Stop the car baby!" Deany yelled and grabbed her wives arm. "Turn the lights off and look in the front yard and tell me what you see."

"Uuhmm...Chase and Striker sucking face?"

Deany snapped her head towards her wife. "You are such a romantic." She slapped her in the shoulder. "Open your eyes and really look at them. This is their first real kiss Carly, can't you feel their emotions?"

"Nope, just feel horny now."

Deany sighed, covered her eyes and chuckled at how dense her wife was at times. "Come on horn dog, lets sneak in to our bedroom."

"Ooh boy, recon mission! Can we crawl through the grass so I can watch your ass wiggle?"

"You're impossible! Sick pervert." She grabbed her wife by her ear and pulled her over to her, then pushed her over into the back seat and followed.

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Their kiss broke, leaving them hanging on to each other and gasping for air. Chase dropped her head down onto Striker's shoulder and tried to take deep breathes to calm her racing heart.

"I'm going to fall over if I don't sit down." She whispered close to a small ear. Striker tipped her head up, placed a soft kiss on her lips then took her hand to led her to the side of the house.

"Where are we going?" Chase asked when she was pulled all the way around and to the back.

"My bedroom window. I forgot my keys at work, so we're crawling through."

"Tiny, Carly and Deany will be here any minute. They can..." Her lips were claimed and she was pushed up against the house. When she was released she gave no fight about crawling through the window.

Once inside, Striker closed her door and flipped her nightstand light on. She came to a loss as what to do next, she had never been in control before and from the look on Striker's face she was just as lost.

"Uuhhmm...Chase, now what?"

"I don't know, I've never initiated it before." She started to chuckle and pretty soon they were both laughing at each other. Striker calmed before Chase, she slowly walked up to her and ran her fingers through her long dark hair. Going up on her toes she nuzzled her neck and started kissing her way towards a strong jaw. When she came to soft lips, she traced them with her tongue until she was granted entry. After a long knee buckling kiss she looked into heavy lidded eyes and smiled.

"I've never wanted anyone like I want you right now." With trembling hands, she lowered the zipper on Chase's windbreaker and slipped it from her shoulders. Then ran her hands up under her T-shirt to feel warm skin jump beneath her fingers. Pushing Chase's shirt up she leans forward and places kisses to the exposed skin, she can feel Chase's heart beating rapidly and her skin quivering beneath her lips. With her shirt gone Chase stood before passion filled green eyes in all her glory. With the first touch of her breasts by small hands she moaned deep in her chest. She knew that if they didn't slow down, it would be over for her in seconds.

"Tiny, we have to slow down. It's been years since I've been touched by anyone, I'm...ultra sensitive."

Green eyes softened as she looked into dark azure, She walked backward pulling Chase with her towards her bed. Kicking her shoes off as she went, she started to pull the sweatshirt off and

froze. Her face paled when she realized what she was doing. Chase saw the change and became confused. "Baby, what's wrong?" She cupped Striker's face in her hands and watch her chin tremble.

"NO ones...ever seen me..." Tears came to her eyes and her entire body started to shake.

"It's OK, we don't have to do this. I can just hold you if you want."

"No. I...help me." Her eyes pleaded with Chase.

"I love you Striker, I would never hurt you." She slowly removed the sweatshirt and let it fall to the floor at their feet. With slow hands she ran them over Striker's shoulders to her back and pulled her into her body so she could hold her. Tucking her face against her neck she whispered words of comfort in her small ear. Feeling her small body relax against her she let her hands explore beneath her shirt and groaned when her fingers encountered silky flesh. She slowly worked her way up to Striker's bra strap and unfastened it to let it fall along her sides, moving her hands across the silky flesh she cupped firm breasts in her hands, pulling away she captured Striker's lips and slowly kissed her until soft lips parted to let her in. With sure hands she brought Striker's shirt up her body and helped her get her arms free all without breaking their kiss. When it did break she slipped her shirt over her head and pushed her bra off her shoulders. She held green eyes with her own while she ran her fingers across her skin raising goose bumps with each feathery touch. Lowering her eyes she took in the slight blush that covered her lover's chest.

"You're beautiful." She whispered. "So perfect and precious." Lowering her head she kissed each collarbone and then the center of her chest. Slowly going to her knees, she left open mouth kisses all the way down to Striker's waistband and stopped to look up into lidded green eyes. Her breath caught in her chest from seeing the love filled eyes watching her.

"Are you OK?" Seeing a blond head nod, she unfastened her Levis and slipped them from her hips and down to her ankles where she helped her step from them. Trailing her fingers up muscular legs she stopped at her waist to help her sit on the edge of the bed and then move to the center. Chase crawled onto the bed and lay beside her to look deeply in to her eyes.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of." Striker gave her a weak smile and nodded her head, tears filled her eyes and she tried to cover her breasts. "It's OK." She pulled the bedspread over her and then stood to remove the rest of her clothes. Green eyes watched every movement, Striker's breath caught in her chest as she watched Chase push her Levis down her slim hips and step out of them, next were her silk boxers, she stood before Striker without shame or embarrassment. With each breath or movement, Striker saw her muscles flex and knew the power of this woman who would love her for the first time. As Chase drew near, her heart leapt in her chest and her pulse raced.

Chase crawled on to the bed and sat with her legs tucked beneath her, she held her hand out to Striker and silently beckoned to her.

Her voice low she called. "Come here Baby."

Striker crawled to Chase and straddled her lap, a low moan came to her lips when their breasts touched.

"Touch me Striker." She whispered before she captured her bottom lip between her teeth and sucked gently. Fingers started to explore, hesitant at first and then bolder as flesh was memorized, soft moans escaped their lips when sensitive spots were found. When Chase felt that Striker was relaxed enough, she leaned her back on the bed and hovered over her body for minutes just looking into her eyes and letting her lover look straight to her soul. Lowering her head she placed kisses along Striker's neck and down her collarbone to stop above her right breast. Licking the soft skin, she teased the area around her nipple, and then drew closer when her lover arched her back and pulled her head closer by tangling her hands in her hair.

Rolling the other nipple between her fingers, she moaned against warm flesh when it hardened. Flicking her tongue at the very tip of it's twin, she grinned when she felt her lover's hips thrust upward. Slowly she moved her legs so that they were between Striker's and froze when scared green eyes looked at her.

Her blue eyes warmed as she locked eyes with her lover. "It's OK, you say no, and I'll stop." Her answer was Striker pulling her head back down to her breast. After loving each breast she ran her tongue down across tight abs and flicked her tongue into her naval. The whole time watching her lover's face, as she dipped her tongue down closer to the waistband of her panties she watched as Striker's head fell back into her pillow and her back arch off the mattress. Her mouth fell open but no sound came forth except a small gasp. Chase moved down so that she was lying between quivering thighs, taking a deep breath she inhaled the soft scent of her lovers arousal. A low groan escaped her lips when her tongue touched Striker's soaking silk panties.

Striker didn't know what her body was doing but she felt that she was slowly going insane. Every nerve ending was screaming and her body ached for her lover's intimate touch. She wanted to scream with each touch of her sensitive flesh but was afraid to. When she felt Chase move between her thighs and touch her with her tongue she almost went over the edge with that one light touch. She couldn't control her hips as they raised on their own towards her lovers mouth. Gripping the covers with one hand she slipped the other down to her panties and pushed the waistband down. A low moan escaped her lips surprising her when she felt warm fingers slip her panties down her thighs. The cool air hitting the wetness between her legs sent shivers up her spine and then flames warmed her when she felt a hot mouth cover her nether lips. She had never before had someone touch her, the way Chase was doing and it sent her mind reeling.

Chase rested her face against the soft russet curls and breathed in the soft scent, her own center was throbbing with need and her juices were flowing freely from between her nether lips to coat her inner thighs. Turning her head she kissed the inside of her lover's thigh close to her apex and moved closer each time until she brought her tongue up between swollen lips. She moaned with the first taste of her lover's sweet nectar, and continued to lick until Striker was thrusting against her mouth. Hungrily she lapped and sucked until she pushed her tongue into a twitching center. She moaned loudly against Striker when her tongue was gripped and pulled in. She felt a strong leg come over her back and pull her closer, encouraging her to do more. With one hand she ran a

finger over an engorged clit and felt her lover's center spasm. With drawing her tongue, she flicked the very tip of her clit and slipped a finger up to it's first digit into her lover. As she sucked gently she pushed her finger deeper until she felt the unmistakable barrier. She looked up to see misty green eyes looking down at her and then a blond head nod. She sucked harder until Striker was thrusting to the rhythm she had set. When she felt her body tense and quiver she pushed her finger deeper and pierced the virginal veil. Striker gasped at the pain and then the world tilted and her climax claimed her with dizzying heights. With her last tremor her hips settled back onto the mattress, her eyes squeezed tightly closed, she felt Chase place one last kiss to her nether lips then crawl up her body to lay beside her and pull her into her arms.

"I love you Tiny." She whispered into her ear. Pulling back a ways she looked to see tears trailing down flushed cheeks. "I'm sorry if I hurt you, I tried to be gentle." She wiped the tears from her lover's cheeks and was surprised to feel her own tears slipping down her face.

"Chase?" Striker's voice was low and throaty. "Why are you crying?"

"Because I hurt you." She buried her head against her lover's breast and cried.

"You didn't hurt me, I've never felt so loved in my life." She tilted Chase's face up and wiped her tears with her fingers. "I love you Chase McGuire." She kissed her deeply as she let her fingers travel across her lover's body until she came to the wetness soaking her dark short hair. A low rumbling groan escaped both of their mouths as their kiss broke. With hesitant fingers she explored the wetness until she felt a larger hand guide her. Chase pushed her fingers between her lips and moaned when she felt the tips of small fingers touch her throbbing center.

"I want to feel you in me." She smiled when Striker blushed at her words. "I need you to tell me what you want. I want to please you in every possible way." She felt a small hand take hers and place it between her legs, she moaned and sucked in a breath when she felt how wet her lover was. Striker slipped her fingers into Chase and a deep moan came to her lips when she felt her lovers walls grip her fingers, she pulled back and pushed forward again. Chase thrust her hips to the rhythm Striker set, raising her leg up she put it over her lover's hip and opened herself up to her lover. Slowly she entered Striker and they moved against each other, taking each other to the very edge where they lingered for seconds until falling over. Chase screamed out her release into her lovers shoulder, then Striker followed with an unintelligible scream of her own when lights flashed behind her eyes and a loud humming noise assaulted her ears as her body was tossed into the abyss of her earth-shattering climax. They continued to thrust against each other until the last of the tremors faded away. Chase tried to clear her vision from the kaleidoscope of bright colors that danced before her eyes. She wrapped her arms around her lover and pressed their bodies tightly together.

"Are we dead?" She asked in a roughened voice.

"I hope not." Striker kissed her lips and then deepened the kiss when she tasted herself on her lover's lips. "cuz I want more." Her shyness and insecurities forgotten she flipped Chase on to her back and straddled her hips. "Am I crazy or did the world tip and I go blind and deaf all at the same time?" She laced her hands on top of her lover's chest and rested her chin on her hands

to look into darkened blue eyes.

"If that's the case then we're both crazy." She pulled Striker up to her and kissed her.

The night and early hours of the morning were pierced with screams of passion, both indoors and out. Chase woke to feel her body sore but sated, Striker had shocked her by how wild she had become after she lost her inhibitions. She looked down to see bite marks on her breasts and scratch marks across her ribcage, she knew that her back looked pretty much the same. A huge grin came to her face when she felt a small hand move down between her legs and play with her hair.

"You're evil Tiny." She stopped the hand and laughed when she heard a deep growl vibrate against her breast. "I really need to use the bathroom, my teeth are floating." Striker chuckled at her phrasing then rolled over to let her up.

"Sucks." She mumbled as she watched her lover crawl from the bed. Then a wicked look came over her face, she counted to ten then followed her lover into the bathroom. Chase almost had a heart attack when the door opened and Striker straddled her as she sat on the toilet.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

"Helping." Green eyes took on a fiery gleam, she slipped her hand between her lover's legs and entered her with a swift movement. Chase braced her feet on the floor and raised her hips. She was further shocked when Striker began to pleasure herself at the same time, she could do nothing but watch and hold on to her lover's hips. Within minutes their releasing tore through them and left them limp and clinging to each other. Their faces buried in each other's necks as they gasped for air. Striker raised her head and was sucking on her lover's neck when she heard a pounding coming from outside. Releasing her lover's neck she asked.

"What was that?"

"The earth shattering?"

"No, that banging noise." She paused. And then said. "That noise, did you hear it."

"Yeah, but my legs won't work so they can go to hell if they want in." Striker gave her a rakish grin and with great difficulty climbed down from her lap to grab a robe off the back of the door. She slipped it on and heard her lover chuckle at her. She looked down to see the robe almost touching the floor. "Be quiet, it's Rita's." She pulled another one down and held out the royal blue silk robe to her. Using the wall for support she slipped the robe on and quirked an eyebrow at Striker.

"You are truly an evil little shit." She glanced down to see that the robe came mid thigh.

"I would rather have you naked but I don't want anyone else seeing you that way." She stepped forward and gave her a sweet lingering kiss. "Lets go see who it is."

They went through the house on rubbery legs to the back door, Striker peeked through the curtain and busted out laughing. She opened the door to find Carly and Deany standing there buck-naked. The look on Deany's face could kill with a glance. She pushed her grinning wife through the door and planted a foot in her ass.

"Uuhhhh...guys?" Striker said in between her chuckles.

Deany spun on her heel, planted her hands on her hips and glared at her sister in-law. "That dumb Amazon locked the keys in the car!"

Striker tried not to laugh. "And that's why you two are naked?"

"No." Carly replied as she bit into an apple and tossed it to her wife. "We were making out in the car, and then we ended up rolling around in the field. After Cuddles rocked my world a dozen or so times we fell asleep out there."

"You know what it looks like to try and break into your car in the buff?" She looked at her smirking wife. "With this one rubbing up against you the entire time!" She pointed to a grinning Carly.

Chase covered her eyes and shook her head trying to clear the image.

"Wouldn't be bad but the cars stuck out in the middle of the field!"

"Why?" Striker asked. "Ohh let me guess, Amazon there left the car running and then hit the gearshift?"

"You got it! Will you guys help us get it unstuck?"

"Let us get dressed first." Striker took Chase's hand and pulled her from the kitchen.

"Nice robe Chase!" Deany yelled after them and then pinched her wives nipple before running from the kitchen.

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After getting the car out of the field they all dropped from exhaustion on to the couches in the large living room. Striker was curled up on her lover's chest and was playing with a strand of long hair. Deany was on the other couch with Carly's head laying in her lap, they looked over at the other two and started laughing.

"You guys have a problem besides scaring all the wildlife?" Striker asked.

"We weren't the only ones scaring the wildlife, we heard you two this morning." Deany forced out between her snorting noises.

Carly wiggled her dark eyebrows at them. "The bathroom has excellent echo qualities doesn't it?"

Two faces turned a beet red, they knew that they couldn't deny it so they just shrugged their shoulders and grinned.

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The night dawned with two couples sleeping through the sound of the TV murmuring in the background. Carly was completely wrapped around Deany and was snoring loud enough to wake the long dead, snorting noises came from where Deany's face was pressed against the back of the couch. Oblivious to the rousing of the other two just feet away. A small hand roamed across tight abs and up to a firm breast where it rolled a nipple to hardness. Hearing the intake of breath, Striker looked up into a cracked blue eye and grinned. She held her finger to her lips when pink lips started to form a word. Inching down Chase's body, she lifted her shirt and pushed it up to expose her breasts. Licking her lips she looked down at what was now hers. Using her hands she massaged a breast then lowered her head and took the nipple in her mouth and nursed slowly.

Chase felt like she had a large cat nursing on her breast, her lover pumped with her small hands as she suckled. What she was doing sent flames down south, Chase's hips bucked on their own and a moan fought to escape. Biting down on her hand to stifle her sounds, she placed her other hand behind Striker's head to hold her in place. Slipping one leg between her lover's, Chase raised it to brush against her center. She jumped when she felt teeth nip her and grinned when fiery green eyes pleaded. Moving to better comply to her lover's wishes, she wrapped a long leg around her lover's thigh and pulled her closer. They slowly ground against each other and kissed deeply while caressing each other's breasts with one hand. Chase could feel the tensing of Striker's muscles and knew that she was close to her release. Raising her thigh higher, she thrust harder into her and took them over the edge. Burying their grunts and moans against sweat-dampened necks, they rode out the spasms.

"Do I have time for a cold shower before the matinee?" Rita said from where she was leaning against the wall. She laughed when she heard two voices groaning in embarrassment and watched a pillow being pulled over their heads.

"Busted." Chase mumbled from their hiding place.

"Sure are, forgot to tell ya Chase." Deany mumbled half asleep. "Nymphomania runs in the family." She snorted when she heard Striker trying to deny the accusations.

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Sunday came with a vengeance, Chase could hardly move from the soreness of her body. Striker had been relentless in her lovemaking, she didn't think there was a spot on her body that hadn't been licked or nipped. But she loved every single bit of it. She tried to stretch and found muscles screaming and her legs tangled with her lovers. Running her blunt fingernails across Striker's rear

she felt her hips thrust against her thigh and a soft mewling sound come from her parted lips. "Oohh I started it again!" She thought to herself when Striker's sleeping body became aroused and ground against her thigh. She continued to caress her lovers sleeping body until her body shuttered it's release. Sleepy green eyes opened with confusion as to why her nerve endings were singing. Her throat rough with sleep she asked. "Did that really happen or was I dreaming?" Her eyes widened when Chase brought a wet finger to her mouth and licked it clean.

"Oohh Gods!" She moaned when she felt her wetness covering her lover's thigh. "You made me come while I was sleeping?" Chase's crooked grin was her answer. "You're evil! But I love that you are." She flipped the blankets over their heads and scooted down to lay between her lover's thighs. With in minutes she had Chase making noises that she had never heard before come from a human. When Chase's release came, Carly had a new rival with a war cry.

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They stumbled out to the kitchen, Chase dropped into a chair and moaned and then groaned when her lover crawled on her lap and cuddled up in her arms.

"You two look exhausted." Deany said when she looked over at them. "Why didn't you guys stay in bed?"

"Food, starving." Striker mumbled against Chase's breast.

"Dehydration, coffee." Chase added.

Deany chuckled at them. "To much sex, no sleep."

"Too fucking loud!" Rita grumbled from the doorway. She was shivering as she sat down at the table, her long red hair still wet from her shower, she shook her head throwing water all over them. "Rat bastards." She glared with her pale cat like eyes. "Thought I was sleeping at the zoo with all the weird ass noises in this house last night AND this morning. And then the damn war cries, I was waiting for a damn pack of rabid Amazons to come running through my bedroom!"

Deany snickered from where she was making scrambled eggs. "No date last night red, pity, West Virginia will think they lost the Virtue thief. Ever think of electric toys?"

"Yeah, a hair dryer falling into the bath tub when you and Carly are in there playing with rubber ducky!"

"Leave my rubber ducky alone." Carly dropped into a chair and looked around the kitchen. "What are we talking about?"

"I'm not that desperate to play with your rubber ducky." Rita growled at her cousin. "Damn things got teeth."

Carly shrugged her shoulders and grabbed her wives coffee, Chase continued to look back and

forth between everyone and realized that even though they spoke to each other in such a mean manor, they truly cared for each other. It was something she had never had. Wrapping her arms tighter around her lover, she placed a kiss on her tousled blond crown.

"Before I forget, you guys will have to get a fourth bowler for today. I got stuck doing inventory at the store." Rita said while stealing a piece of bacon off Carly's plate. "Can you bowl Chase?"

"Well, I'm not really good at it. Maybe you guys can get a sub or something." Striker's green eyes looked up from her cocoon. "Can you hit a game over 100?" She asked seriously.

"Yeah, I can do that. Why?"

"Cuz, that's Rita's high score." She ducked her head deeper into her lover when she saw Rita's eyes blaze. Mumbling the rest of her answer into a soft breast. "That's all her games together."

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Carly polished her bowling ball and placed a kiss near the finger holes, giving it a gentle pat she spoke softly to it.

"Lotsa strikes today Arnold, no seven ten splits." She lovingly placed her ball in the return carousel.

Chase looked to her lover with a weird expression on her face.

"Arnold? Her balls named Arnold?"

"Uhhmm...yeah. She thinks it's the Pin Terminator. What can I say, she got her head stuck in the ball return to many times." They watched her pull a Xena doll from her bag and put it on the top of the monitor. "Her good luck charm."

"What no rabbit's foot?" Chase teased.

"Nope, she didn't have the heart to cut it's foot off."

Chase shook her head and pulled her bowling shoes from her bag, she saw Striker looking down at her ball and had to hide a sheepish grin.

"Chase, what is that wrote on your ball?"

"Nothing." She closed the bag and tried to keep little hands from opening it. Striker crawled on her bag and fought with the larger hands until she was able to get the bag open. She read the words painted on the golden balls surface.

"Argonna?" She smirked at the blush covering her lovers face. "What's that mean?"

"Uhhmm...I was always daydreaming when I was on a bowling team. So my teammates kept saying Are gonna bowl or what?"

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Carl stood back from the women and watched the interaction between his youngest daughter and Chase. A bright smile came to his face along with tears, he knew that he had lost his youngest in a way but gained another daughter also. His heart swelled with the love her felt for his girls and sent a silent prayer to his wife. "Thank you Brenda, I knew you would send our baby her soul mate." He wiped the tears from his eyes as he approached them. "Chase can I speak to you for a moment?"

"Sure boss." She kissed Striker on her lips before leaving her. Coming to stand before the shorter man she saw that his eyes were glistening. "Something wrong?" A slight frown came to her lips.

"Not a thing, I want to know what your intentions are towards my baby?"

Chase drew her dark eyebrows down over her nose in concentration. "I'm not following you."

"Striker, what are your intentions towards her?"

She turned her head and Carl saw the glow come over the tall woman, a bright smile came to her lips and he swore her chest swelled from emotion.

"Do you love her?" He whispered.

"More than anything." She whispered back.

"Good, then you'll marry her before the week is out." He walked away with a smirk on his face and a bounce in his step. Chase's jaw dropped, she turned to see Carl walking away like he was on cloud 9. She turned her head when she felt a hand come down on her shoulder.

"So Pop got to you all ready?" Deany asked with huge toothy grin splitting her face.

"He wants me to marry her before the end of the week!" She squeaked.

"Don't worry about it, he did the same thing to me. He told me one time that his wife guides him. I think she does in a way, look at Carly and me. We've been married for almost nine years now."

"But it's so soon, I mean I love her with all my heart. I thought of us getting married...just not within two months of knowing each other." She jumped when she saw out of the corner of her eye Striker coming towards them.

"Calm down Chase, it'll be OK." She left her to go over all that had happened in the last few minutes.

throwing the pins at every one else's pins until she heard the click of the PA system.

"I'll kick your ass Carly!" Her father's voice boomed over the speakers. She grinned and then bowed to everyone's applause.

"She's just an over grown kid ain't she?" Chase asked her soon to be sister in-law.

"Yep." Hazel eyes twinkled. "One of the reasons I love her so much."

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Carly looked at her sister with venom filled eyes, a low rumbling growl poured from her snarling lips.

"She's a ringer! You're gonna marry a damn ringer!"

Striker came nose to nose with her sister, her eyes narrowed, teeth bared she bumped foreheads with her.

"How was I to know! All I asked her was if she could bowl 100 and obviously she can since she now has a 255 and a 277 so far!" She pulled back and grabbed her sister's nose. "You're just pissed 'cuz she beat ya!"

"So what if I am." A toothy grin came over her face. "With your woman, we can't beat the shit out of everyone here!" She picked her sister up and looked her in the eye. "Who's gonna tell Rita that she's not on the team?"

By the last frame of the third game, the opposing team were all sitting with their towels over their heads in shame. Carly was dancing on the bar that separated the waiting area from the lanes and Deany and Striker were all eyes as Chase stood on the approach. Chase looked over her shoulder and winked at her lover. Taking a deep breath she took her three strides and released the ball. Closing her eyes she waited for the screaming of the pins. A solid sound came to her ears and then silence, she opened one eye and saw all the boards lighting up across the lanes and the numbers 300 flashing in red. She turned and was engulfed by strong arms wrapping around her neck. Looking down into the green eyes of her lover a bright smile came to her face.

"I love you, will you marry me?"

Striker wrapped her legs around her lover's waist, pulling her head down to her she kissed her with every emotion that ran through her body.

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The sound of laughter rang through the empty bowling alley, they had closed the doors and the only others besides the two couples were Carl and a deflated Billy. He kept looking at the woman of his dreams and felt his heart shattering into thousands of pieces. Rita stepped beside

the young man and draped an arm across his shoulders.

"Listen kid, you never had a chance with Striker. She's been destined to be with the 'one', and that's Chase. You're still young, your day will come when you find that person that makes you feel complete." She gave him a hug and left him blushing. She sided up to her blond cousin and gave her a hug. "You're one lucky little shit. You got the most gorgeous woman in this State worshipping the very ground you walk on."

"Yes I am." She looked over to see Chase wrestling on the floor with her sister and winning. "I look at her and I wonder what I did to deserve her."

"Who cares! You got her and that's all that counts." She pushed her towards the pile of struggling arms and limbs. "Better get over there before one of them gets hurt."

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After Chase and Striker exchanged their wedding vows, the small family sat around the living room of what was now Chase's first real home since she was little. She sat on the couch with her bride cuddled up against her and couldn't believe the overflowing of love she felt in her heart. She ran her fingertip across a dark brow and looked deeply into green eyes flecked with gold. "Where do you want to go on our honeymoon?"

"I wouldn't mind if we stayed right here."

"But Tiny, it's our honeymoon." She whined. "I have money stashed away, we can go anywhere you want."

Striker narrowed her eyes. "How much does Pop pay you?" She grinned at the raised eyebrows. "Just kidding. Can we go to MacDonald's for Happy Meals?"

"Tiny, I can afford to take you to the Virgin Islands if you want."

"She sure can." Carl remarked from where he was leaning over the back of the couch. "Mrs. McGuire here is more than meets the eye, isn't that right former junior bowling champion?"

Chase dropped her head down and hid her face against her wife's neck and groaned. Striker looked to her father with wide eyes.

"Pop, what are you talking about?"

"You know me little shit, I was looking in some old magazines and came across your wife's picture from a few years back."

Blue eyes peeked up into green. "I was going to tell you but it never came up. Sorry, you did marry a ringer."

Striker burst out laughing, tears flowed down her cheeks as she looked at her blushing wife. "Oohh Carly! Come over here!" Striker yelled.

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It was graduation day, Carly, Deany and Striker were nervous wrecks. They fidgeted in their seats in the auditorium waiting for the event to start. Chase had been dragged away by one of the professors earlier and Striker was starting to worry. They looked up when the dean stepped up to the microphone, blew in to it and broke their eardrums.

"I've been asked by a certain graduate of this alma mater if they could present the diploma's to the top three graduates of this class. And knowing this person for many years I was more than happy to say yes. So what I'm going to do is call up the three women who have taking the top three spots and who have set a new record at this small college. Would Carly, Deanna and Striker Denkin please come up to the podium." They looked at each other with surprised expressions. They had no idea that they had the top spots, they didn't even know if they were in the top 20% of the class. Taking the hands of her wife and sister Carly pulled them to the podium where they stood looking out at the graduates.

"Now, this is highly unusual that three women from the same family would all be graduating at the same time but also the top three spots of the class. So our very own Professor of Psychology and former valedictorian will be presenting your diplomas." They turned and watched as Chase stepped up onto the stage wearing the robes of a full professor, her medal draped around her neck giving her a distinguished look. She gave them all a sweet smile and then to her wife alone a smile so bright that Striker swayed back against her sister. She stepped up to the podium and cleared her throat.

"Good afternoon and congratulations to all of you. I know this is all a shock to the three women standing up here with me today, especially since none of them knew that they were the top three. Could be because they never pay attention to the bulletin boards all over this place." She received chuckles from the students and evil glares from her family. "You are all probably wondering how I know this about them...well." She turned to face her wife with a proud look on her face and flashing blue eyes. "It's because I have the honor of being married to your valedictorian Mrs. Striker Denkin McGuire." She took Striker by her hand and pulled her close to her body. "And to make a father even prouder than Mr. Denkin already is. I want you to meet the two women who tied for second in the class, my sister in-laws Carly and Deanna Denkin.

Chase grinned at Striker when she heard the mumbled words of "You will die horribly" whispered.

After stumbling through a speech that she had no idea she was supposed to be giving. Striker joined her wife and the other's behind the stage. Chase was instantly attacked and smacked with their graduation caps, until she was saved by Carl when he pulled his girls into bear hugs.

"I am so proud of you girls." He beamed at them with tears flowing down his cheeks. "And you Professor McGuire, I have a bone to pick with. Why the charade of the lowly college student?"

She dropped her head and gave him a sheepish look. "I am a college student, I'm on a sabbatical and just decided to take some classes to finish up my second major."

"Which is what?" Striker asked.

"Uuhhmm...bio physics." She chuckled at the three dropped jaws.

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Striker straddled her wives naked form, she hovered over her with her hands pinning larger ones above a raven head.

"So is this the last of your secrets? I'm not going to find out that you're really married and have five kids somewhere am I?"

"Nope, I'm all yours forever. Are you mad at me for hiding my college degree?"

Striker threw her head back and laughed. "Are you kidding? I'm married to the most beautiful woman on the planet who just happens to be a college professor. And valedictorian to boot!"

"But I'm married to the valedictorian and related by marriage to the two second place winners." She leaned up and nipped Striker's chin. "I love you Tiny."

"Isn't that sweet?" A deep voice said from the doorway. "Did you really think that you could get rid of me so easily Denkin or McGuire what ever the hell name you're using now." Mark growled at her as he stepped into the room and stood beside their bed. He pulled his hand from behind his back to show a large Bowie knife. "I told you before that you wouldn't get away from me, so that leaves only one thing. I kill you and your dyke."

Chase rolled Striker behind her, swinging one leg out she caught his hand and knocked the knife free. Jumping from the bed she slammed into him and took them both to the floor, where she punched him continuously in the face. Striker jumped from the bed and grabbed the phone and called the police, as she was talking to them, Carly and Deany came rushing in and pulled Chase off the unconscious Mark.

"Chase, he's down!" Carly yelled into her face. "Stop all ready!" She struggled with her until Striker placed a hand on her wives arm. Chase looked over at her and calmed. "We don't need you going up on murder charges."

Striker wrapped her arms around her wives waist and leaned into her. She looked at the bloody mess that was Mark and cringed.

"How did he get in the house?"

"He came through the kitchen window, we seen the broken glass when we came in and knew

something was wrong." Carly looked down at him and then kicked him in his ribs. "Fucking bastard!"

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They watched as Mark was shoved into the back of the sheriff's car, they were told that he wouldn't be getting out any time soon after what he had done. And that with both Striker and Chase pressing charges against him he wouldn't be out for years if at all. When the car pulled away the four exhausted women went into the house.

"I am so glad that is over." Deany remarked as she dropped onto the couch. "Can we all like take a vacation to some foreign country?"

Chase smiled at her and took her wives hand in hers.

"I was thinking about this for a while and now seems the perfect time to bring it up." She pulled Striker with her to where her backpack was lying on the floor. She reached down and pulled two envelopes from a pocket. She handed one to Carly and the other to Striker.

"Go ahead and open them, it's my graduation/honeymoon present to all of you."

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"I can't believe this." Striker whispered to her wife. "Look at that sunset, it's beautiful."

"Why are you whispering?" Chase whispered back.

Chuckling, Striker laced her arm through Chase's and looked up into pale blue eyes. "I don't know, it just seems so fitting. Standing here at the edge of the cliffs, in Greece and watching the sunset over the sea."

"It's almost like a dream isn't it? I never dreamt that I would be here with my wife, the most important person in my life."

"Or two roomies that are covered from head to toe in virgin olive oil." Carly snickered from behind them.

"Yeah, be careful going back to the cottage, we forgot our sheet of plastic on the floor."

Chase and Striker both groaned and had wicked thoughts of throwing Carly and Deany off the cliff.

"Nah." They said together. "Been there, done that all ready." They continued to watch while the other two rolled on the sandy ground like toddlers.

The end.

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